

SKETCHES OLD AND NEW

BY WALTER P. PENNIPS

(John Gaskell)

TOGETHER WITH MISCELLANEOUS
MATERIAL FROM VARIOUS SOURCES
AND A CATALOGUE



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SKETCHES OLD AND NEW

BY

WALTER P. PHILLIPS

(JOHN OAKUM)

SUPPLEMENTED BY AN ADDRESS ENTITLED

“FROM FRANKLIN TO EDISON”

A CATALOGUE, ETC., ETC.

NEW YORK, U. S. A.

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By Walter P. Phillips.

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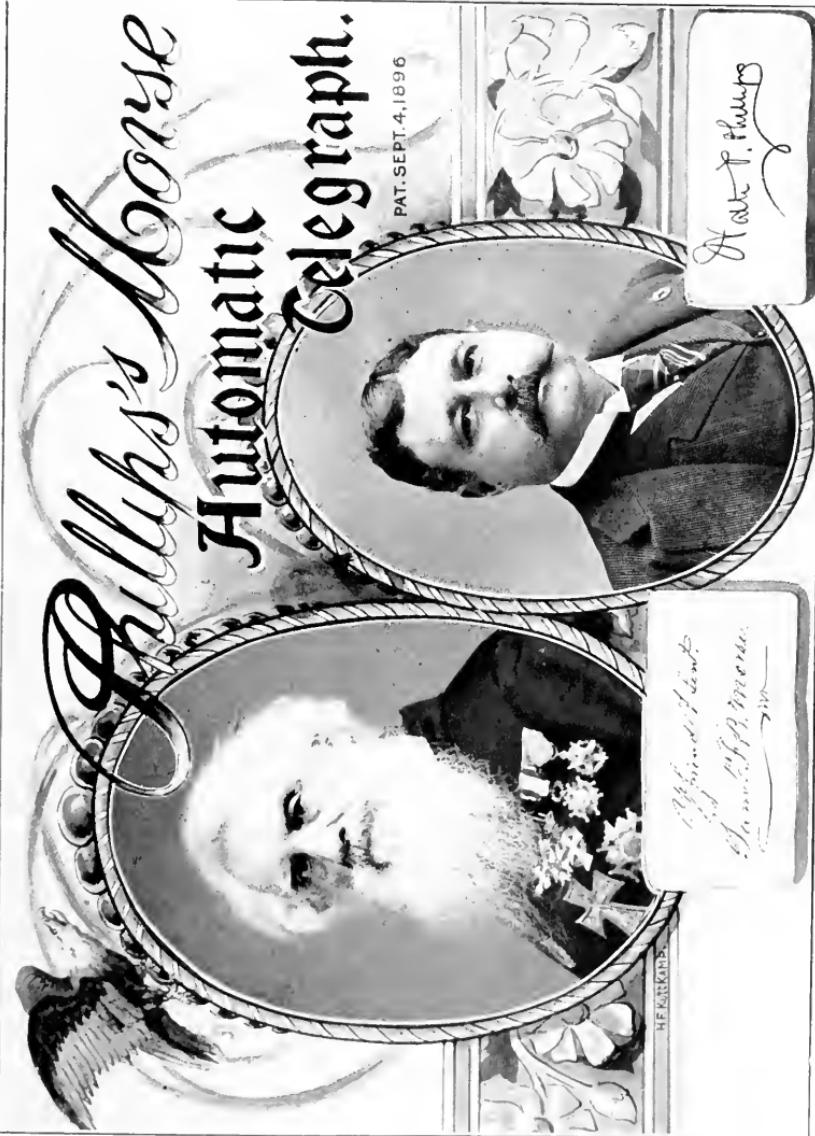
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Gall's House

Automatic Telegraph.

PAT. SEPT. 4, 1896

H. F. Phillips

H. F. Phillips
President
Gall's House

H. F. Phillips



PHILLIPS'S MORSE AUTOMATIC TELEGRAPH

SOME INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE OF THIRTY YEARS AGO

(*Samuel F. B. Morse to Walter P. Phillips.*)

NEW YORK, April 27, 1869.

MY DEAR SIR:—Ever since I received the proof of your great skill, in connection with your skilful associates, in testing rapid transmission of despatches by the Morse Telegraph System, I have been desirous of manifesting to you, and also to N. J. Snyder, Esq., of Philadelphia, some token of my gratification on your accomplishment of feats which, so far as I know, are unexampled in the annals of telegraphy. Please, therefore, accept from me, on this, the 78th anniversary of my birth, the accompanying gold pencil case and pen, as a very slight and



indeed inadequate expression of my admiration of your masterly performance of recording 2,731 words in one hour; a feat which I have not failed to put on record in my report to the Department of State on the telegraph apparatus of the Paris Exposition of 1867.

The necessity for exclusive attention in preparing the above-mentioned report has prevented an earlier recognition of your skill. My thanks are also due to all concerned in the satisfactory result of the test of speedy transmission. While your associates deserve high praise for their rare dexterity in manipulation, you and Mr. Snyder, I think, deserve the highest praise for the admirable and indeed faultless manner of recording that which was so ably transmitted. Accept, also, the assurance of my sincere respect and esteem.

SAMUEL F. B. MORSE.

(*Walter P. Phillips to Samuel F. B. Morse.*)

PROVIDENCE, April 30, 1869.

MY DEAR SIR:—The elegant and valuable pencil case and pen, of which your kindness has made me the recipient, together with your beautiful letter accompanying it, reached me to-day.

However highly I may prize so great a token of your interest in my performance as the former, it is altogether beyond my means to express, in a becoming manner, my gratitude to you for the latter. While I shall ever cherish the gift—valuable intrinsically, but an hundred-fold more valuable from its association with you, whom the world can never cease to love and honor—I shall regard your letter as the most valuable worldly possession to which I can ever attain, and one in which my pride will increase as years wear on, and I come to possess apace still more comprehensive ideas than those I entertain already of your gigantic genius and enterprise, and the great contribution which you have made to the development of civilization.

Indeed, sir, I am keenly sensible of the honor which the coupling of your name with mine must entail on me, as I am, also, of the little I have done to deserve your praise.

Most gratefully and respectfully yours,

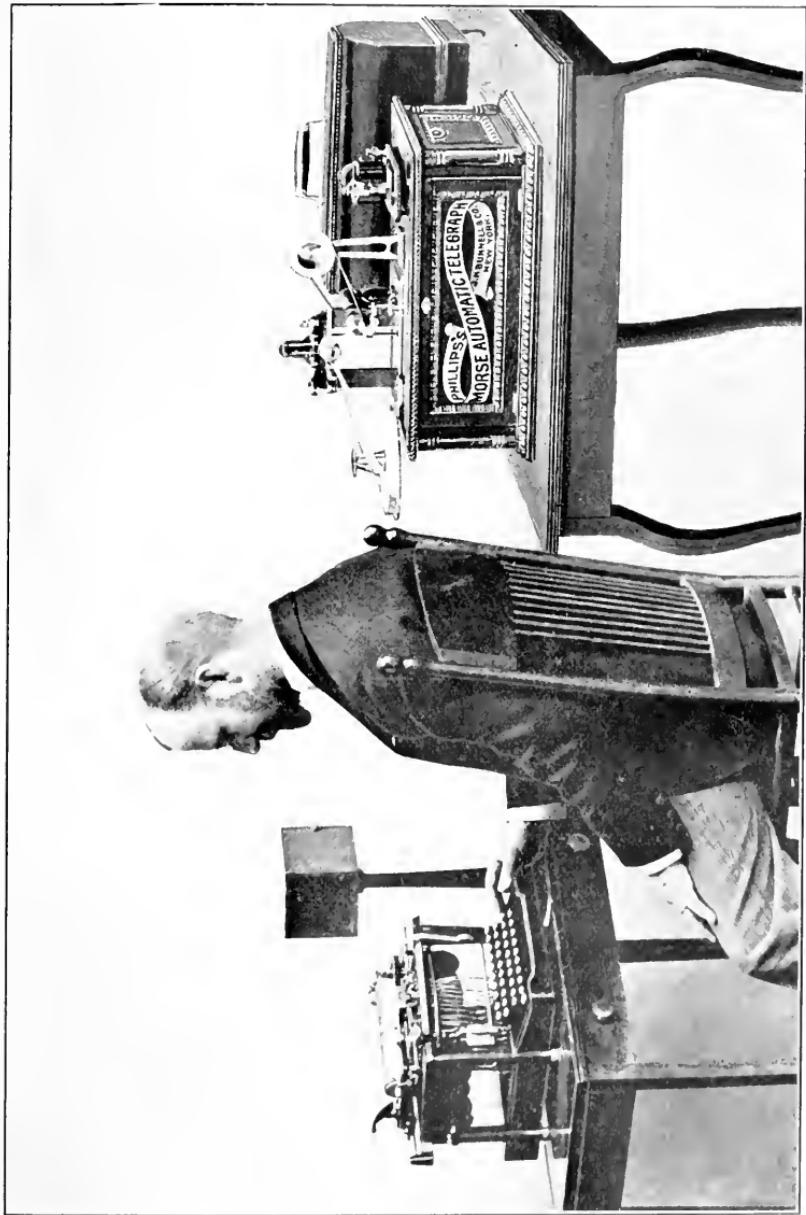
WALTER P. PHILLIPS.

To Prof. Samuel F. B. Morse.

PHILLIPS'S MORSE AUTOMATIC TELEGRAPH

WALTER P. PHILLIPS IN THE "TELEGRAPH AGE"

From time to time my telegraphic friends who know of my Morse Automatic system write to me asking terms on which I will supply a set to enable them to become proficient as typewriter operators, by practicing typewriting at home from the Morse sending done by the transmitting side of the Morse Automatic system. The difficulty in the way of my supplying the demand, which seems to grow rather than to subside, has been that all the sets which were in use on The United Press wires, and which reverted to me when that organization went out of active business, were arranged for an incandescent light circuit as the motive power, and it has only been within a short time that I have found it feasible to adapt my mechanism to the power to be had through the medium of a spring motor, such as is used on the graphophone. By this means I am now able to supply a compact instrument that will meet the requirements of the many who have not yet conquered the typewriter, but are anxious to do so, thus putting a premium on their work.



Learning to use the Remington typewriter to copy from the wire. The machine here shown is what is known as the Advanced Learner's Set



There is no field in which expert telegraphers can make their value felt as markedly as in connection with the slug-casting mechanism known as the linotype. The time will come, undoubtedly, when a very great deal of matter will be copied from the wire and set up on the linotype.

This has been done already to a considerable extent by some operators, notably by Mr. Kihm, of the *Brooklyn Eagle*, but the Morse Automatic system, as arranged for that special purpose, will enable any first-class operator who has familiarized himself with the linotype keyboard, to use that machine with as much ease as he uses the typewriter. My plan contemplates taking the sending on a matrix and delivering it to the operator at any time and at any gait that suits his convenience.

The transmitting part of the machine will be under his absolute control, while the recording half of it will take without breaks and store anything that comes over the wire. This matter can be reproduced within five seconds, or five years later, if that were necessary. In view of all the tendencies, the day when Morse men who can use the linotype will be in demand is not far distant, and where the situation admits of their filling the dual positions referred to, their compensation cannot fail to be much better than it is in scarcely any other field.

ALBERT C. PHILLIPS IN THE "TELEGRAPH AGE"

I read with interest the letter from my father which you published in a recent issue of the *Telegraph Age*, telling of the successful application of his reproducer for use in connection with the linotype. It strikes me that this type of machine will be of great value in the smaller telegraph offices at way-stations.

A few years ago, when I was a reporter, I frequently had occasion to visit the small towns near New York. It is every reporter's experience that after his story is covered he has anywhere from one to three hours to wait for a train back to the city.

The local fire engine house and the railway station are the least desolate places to put in this time. I usually chose the railway station, in the hope that a belated train of the day before might happen along, and with a view to swapping yarns with the telegraph operator. On these excursions I have often been impressed with the many interruptions to which the average country operator is subjected, and the consequent diminution in the capacity of a wire which passes through a number of these places. Even if he is not called on to check trunks and milk cans, he usually has

to sell tickets and answer questions about trains. The noise of passing trains, especially in summer, when the doors and windows are open, is another source of interruption.

All these things mean that a first-class sender in New York, working a circuit through small towns, is liable to constant breaks, and that his capacity and that of the wire is greatly reduced. With a Morse Automatic machine in each of these offices this difficulty would be entirely obviated. The country operator, when queried about the next train to Maguffinsville, could shut off his reproducer, let the other operator continue sending into the recorder, and, when he had attended to the other demands on his time, could take up his work again without interrupting the sending at all.

This gain, of course, would be entirely aside from the primary gain due to the possibility of the sender's disposing of the messages for one way-station at top speed and going ahead with those for another place, leaving the receiving operator to grind out his particular grist at his own particular gait.

Under these conditions, I feel sure, the country operator would have so much more time and be so much freer from exasperating conditions, that the railway station would be established as a sure winner, as against the fire engine house, as a refuge for the way-faring reporter.

A PRACTICAL SCHEME

(*From the New York Sun*)

There was an interesting exhibition on Sunday of a recently invented system of rapid telegraphy. It was given in Room 623 of the Postal Telegraph Building. The system is the invention of R. H. Weiny and Walter P. Phillips, both of this city, and it is intended to be applied directly to the ordinary telegraph lines and to be operated by the currents now in use.

What Phillips's Morse Automatic Telegraph will do is to double or treble the number of words that can be sent over a single wire, and this without requiring that the operators learn anything beyond that which the present Morse operators know now. This result is accomplished by the addition to each office of a set of very simple instruments. When there is no need of hurrying matter forward over the wires the rapid system can be cut out of use by changing a plug, and the wires can be used in the ordinary way—sending messages directly by the key. The system is one which



WALTER P. SUESMAN

Senior member of the law firm of Suesman & Suesman, of Providence, R. I., was for several years Assistant General Western Manager of The United Press in Chicago. As well as being a first-class telegrapher, he is a finished and skilful pianist. He received his musical education at the Chicago Musical College, and graduated in 1890, when he carried off the first prize for composition and harmony. He is also a graduate of the Chicago College of Law. Many of our matrices are made by Mr. Suesman and his brother Asa.



is of value principally to the telegraph companies themselves and to the users of leased wires, but the public would often find a direct benefit from its adoption through getting messages promptly, which are now often delayed when there is trouble with the wires and their capacity is reduced below the normal.

In this system the messages are recorded in raised telegraphic characters on a strip of paper, and this strip being run through a proper machine the characters are repeated by sound at the other end of the wire, and the operator, reading them by ear, takes them upon a typewriter or by hand. The transcribing operator can vary the speed of the tape as it goes through the machine to suit himself, can stop it at any point, and can pull it back if he wants it repeated. It is asserted that the greater number of mistakes that occur in the Wheatstone system are in the reading and transcribing, and that these are done away with in the new system, because the ear is more accurate than the eye and also faster. These claims seemed all to be proved by the tests made yesterday. An article in the *Sun* was chosen for the test. This was handed to a Morse operator, and while he sent it the operator, who was afterward to transcribe it, left the room. The sending operator worked at the ordinary key, just as he would in sending a message over the wire in the present Morse system. The message, however, instead of going over the main wire, was sent only over a local office wire. It was received in a machine, which was, to all intents and purposes, like the registering machine which every operator used forty years ago, before men had learned to read by sound. The dots and dashes were reproduced on a strip of paper, each being raised above the surface of the paper by a point which pressed that part of the paper into a groove in a wheel which the paper passed over. Instead of producing a single line of these impressions, there were three points which worked side by side and left three sets of duplicate impressions. The duplication is merely to insure accuracy. The message was telegraphed in this part of the process at the ordinary rate of speed.

Now came the second process—the transmission over the main wire. The transmitting instrument and the recording instrument, at opposite ends of the wire, were set going at a speed three times as great as that of the hand operator. The strip of paper with the message imprinted on it was started through the transmitter, and the recorder went rattling away at a rate which no man could read, but every impression was afterward found to be an exact duplicate of those in the strip going through the transmitter. When

this process was completed the paper from the recorder was brought over to the transmitter, and the latter machine was slowed down again to a speed equal to that of ordinary telegraphing. The transmitter was now assumed to be only an office machine run upon an office circuit and entirely separate from the line wire, as would be the case in the third process—that of taking the message from the transmitted copy and turning it into ordinary writing. A typewriter who could read telegraphy by sound sat in front of his machine and as soon as the strip was started through the transmitter he began to print out the message. When he had finished, the typewritten copy was compared with the original article in the *Sun* and found to be exactly correct.

In practice, the manner in which the system would be used is this: Since the transmitter is able to send three times as many messages in a given time as a single operator can send or receive, there would be three operators in each office to each wire. In the sending office these operators would be kept busy making the tape copies of the messages by ticking them off on office recorders. As fast as their messages were ready they would be run through the transmitter, which would reproduce them at the triple speed at the other end of the wire. There the three other operators would each take a part of the messages and transcribe them. There is absolutely no loss of time.

SOME PLAIN TALKS ABOUT MACHINE TELEGRAPHING

(*By Walter P. Phillips*)

Until the extremely simple and effective system known as Phillips's Morse Automatic Telegraph was brought out, practically all interest in automatic telegraphs was dead both here and in Europe; but here, especially, the conditions of business are such that what is wanted is speed and accuracy rather than cheapness and a possible attendant delay in the handling of business, with the probabilities strongly favoring the making of errors the moment the telegraph business gets out of the hands of the experts in manual telegraphy.

Every once in a while there has been a ripple of excitement in the public mind over the announcement of an invention of a new automatic telegraph which would transmit matter at the rate of three thousand words per minute. But this has been done again and again. As long ago as when Grant was President, Edison had devised an improvement in the Little Automatic Telegraph which

made it practicable to send through one of Grant's messages to Congress in three or four minutes. One of the great difficulties in the way of mechanical transmission at a high rate of speed has been that the static charge which remains in the wire after every pulsation tends to "tail" the signals, or, in other words, make them run into an uninterrupted line. This particular difficulty has been overcome of late by sending copper and zinc into the line alternately—that is, sending one pulsation from the negative pole of the battery and the next one from the positive pole, and so on alternately. This is a very effective way of destroying the "static" and secures clear signals, provided the wire is perfectly clear, a condition that does not often obtain, however. But in the days of the Little-Edison System the "static" was got out of the case by an ingenious contrivance of Edison's invention called a "shunt." This was cut in when the automatic system was in use, and was cut out when the line was being used for regular Morse.

The late William B. Somerville, who was at the head of the National Associated Press, was anxious on one occasion to beat the New York Associated Press on one of Grant's messages, and his Washington representative made an arrangement with General Babcock to permit a small regiment of perforators to visit the White House the Sunday before the message was to be sent to Congress and have access to the sacred document which was protected by the perforators leaving the result of their labors in the possession of one of the White House clerks, who locked up the miles of perforated tape in a safe with the various parts of the message, which had been cut up and divided among the perforators for them to puncture. The next day at noon when the message was presented to Congress, the tape was delivered to the Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph Company, and shortly after the whole barrel of it had been run through the machine. In New York a great amount of tape had been wet and chemically treated and was ready for the signals. Washington asked in Morse if New York was ready, and the chief operator, glancing at his corps of special assistants, answered cheerily that New York was ready, and for three minutes the tape came pouring out of the machine at the rate of a mile a minute. All but a few yards of the specially prepared tape was used, but enough was enough and New York gave "O. K.," and the matter was divided among the twenty or thirty waiting copyists, and they proceeded to attempt its translation.

"What have you got, Bill?" asked one, alding. "I have nothing but a straight line."

Bill looked at his and so did the others, and they found there was nothing but a straight line from beginning to end. They could not have it repeated because they had no tape ready, and it takes time in which to prepare it, so there was nothing left for the National Associated Press to do but cry *peccavi* and borrow a copy of the message in New York from its bigger brother, the New York Associated Press, which had already received it on seven Morse wires, and when it had the message the National Associated Press proceeded to distribute it by Morse, about an hour behind time, to the papers served by it. In his excitement the chief operator had omitted to cut in the "shunt," and the whole thing "tailed."

But even assuming that the signals can be got over the line safely by the protective device of using a "shunt," or sending what are known as "reversals" from opposing poles of the battery, what good can be subserved by telegraphing at the rate of three thousand words a minute? Who knows of anybody who is going to furnish that amount of matter? Business does not reach the telegraph company in volumes, but it comes stringing in all day long, a few messages at a time, taken in at thousands of offices throughout the country, and it is practically impossible to handle this great aggregation of business promptly excepting by hand, precisely as it was handled in the first days of the telegraph. Automatic systems have come and gone, and they have departed chiefly for the reason that they were not susceptible of being adapted to the existing situation. They were thought out by men whose knowledge of the requirements of the telegraph business was of a most rudimentary character. They started with the indisputable proposition that the capacity of the wires to carry pulsations is as infinite as the capability of the atmosphere to convey sound waves. And then they jumped to the conclusion that what was needed was a system that would carry between New York and great cities an unlimited volume of business on a single wire. Mr. Little, whose automatic system Edison made practical as early as 1875, had this idea and saw it exploded, but at regular intervals since then Foote and Randall, Craig, Anderson, Leggo, and Rogers have come forward with automatic devices intended to serve a purpose which was non-existent and with as fanatical a belief in their plans as if similar ones had never been presented before and uniformly rejected. The only real progress that has been made to the end of increasing the capacity of wires has been made, first by Moses G. Farmer and J. B. Stearns, who perfected the duplex, and by Edison and his followers, who have brought the quadruplex to a state of almost



ASA B. SUESMAN

Junior partner in the law firm of Suesman & Suesman, of Providence, R. I., was formerly connected with The United Press in Chicago as operator and news editor. He graduated from the Chicago College of Law in 1896, and was admitted that year to the bar of Illinois. Many of our matrices are made by Mr. Suesman and his brother Walter.



absolute perfection. The duplex made one wire equal to two, and the quaduplex gives four circuits out of every wire on which it is employed.

Before the invention of Phillips's Morse Automatic Telegraph no machine telegraph had cut any permanent figure in the matter of telegraphic transmission. The faster the systems have been, the slower they have proved, because of the initial delay incident to perforating the tape from which the signals are transmitted; and for the reason that when more than a few hundred words per minute are transmitted no record by mechanism is possible, and the introduction of a chemically prepared tape upon which the signals are made visible by a discoloration caused by the action of the electric current upon that tape has always been fatal to accuracy and the unfailing source of delays ranging from ten minutes to ten hours. The slowest automatic system in use in the world is the Wheatstone, and even that does not find much favor in America. A most patient and strenuous effort has been made to introduce it here, and hundreds of thousands of dollars have been spent to that end by the Western Union Telegraph Company. As beautiful as a chronometer in all its parts, the product of one of the most exact and persevering minds that has figured in our time in the realm of electrical science, the Wheatstone system is yet a failure in America, and for the reason that we do business at such high pressure that the cry of the commercial world is for celerity, not in transmission, but in delivery.

Not many of the men in the telegraph business have failed to reach the conclusion that in the use of all automatic systems about as much is wasted at the bung as is saved at the spigot. To repeat myself a little, let me say again that where perforation is a condition precedent to transmitting the matter to be sent, there is an initial delay from which there is no possible escape, and where a great amount of matter is received in a very short time, somebody's message must come in at the end, and, with the perversity of mundane things, it is generally the most important thing in the budget that is the one to be the most seriously delayed. As I have said, the Wheatstone automatic is the best of all, for it does not take us into an objectionable intimacy with wet paper chemically prepared.

Returning to the subject of Phillips's Morse Automatic System, it is bound to succeed because it attempts so little. The aim of its inventors has been to make every single wire and every side of any multiplex system three or four times as useful as at present.

and to continue to do the work "by sound." That is a great point in our favor. The prejudice of Morse men against reading from tape, by sight, would upset a train of Pullman cars, to say nothing of a new automatic system. In the ten years or more that the Wheatstone has been in operation in America, no Morse men have ever conspicuously associated themselves with it, and even the public knows the difference between the messages that come to them by Morse and on the Wheatstone, and is dead against the latter. All operators make errors, but the kind of mistakes the badly drilled and irresponsible outside elements that have come into the telegraph business as one of the features of the Wheatstone's introduction are different and more appalling than anything that was ever seen outside of a newspaper composing room, when an absent-minded "comp" had been struggling with a bad piece of copy. The people outside of the telegraph offices have no adequate idea of the kind of stuff telegraphers have to handle. Illegible penmanship and phonetic spelling characterize much of the business handed in by the intelligent community, rendering it necessary that the telegraph operator should be raised in the profession from a boy or a girl. A French-Canadian once telegraphed thus: "Meat my colt on mon frayed." If that had been sent by the automatic class of people it would have been delivered as written, but the intelligence of Morse men is proverbial. To start with, the operator knew that the man by whom the message was written was a dealer in salt, and he saw that by "colt" the writer meant "salt," and so the message was sent and delivered correctly, thus: "Meet my salt on morning freight." The message was handed in at a small office in Canada where the operator knew everybody in town, and he had the nerve to take chances. But your automatic people take no chances. If that message had gone by that system the Canadian's correspondent would have been hunting Toronto all over for a colt, while the salt on the flat cars standing out in the rain perhaps would have been disappearing, betimes, and growing beautifully less. This is not an exaggerated case—thousands similar to it are of daily occurrence. The public never dreams of how much is done by the unknown and uncomplaining knight of the key to straighten out the same kind of errors that are constantly occurring in the superscriptions of the thousands of letters that find their way to the dead letter office in Washington.

We have, I believe, worked out a knotty problem and made feasible a system that is sure to succeed where all automatics have failed, not excepting the Wheatstone. Our experiments between

Washington and New York over the United Press wires convinced us that we have a winner. The system is simple and calls for no paraphernalia, outside of an embosser and transmitter, that is not used in regular Morse telegraphing. It employs Morse talent exclusively, and we do not depart from Morse methods—hand sending and receiving by sound. Therefore we know our “ground”—no pun intended—and instead of having from the Morse men that passive co-operation, which is rather worse than open hostility, we expect to have them with us, heart and soul, because we have something that is in their interest and not opposed to it. The promoters of machine telegraphy have demonstrated the feasibility of their schemes theoretically on the assumption that their systems could be worked by those whom nature intended to be hewers of wood and drawers of water and whose valuable services could be had for about \$4 a week. That is their first false step; there is the false premise that logically entails false conclusions. We, on the other hand, put a premium, and not a discount, on intelligence, expertness, willingness and all the admirable qualities that characterize the first-class operator of to-day.

SOME ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

(By *Walter P. Phillips*)

To a beginner who inquires about learning to read by sound:

There are two ways of learning to read by sound. The old way, now practically obsolete, was to have the letters very slowly made and at long intervals apart, and painfully guessed out by a combined effort of the intellect and the imagination. But the letters when made slowly and separately do not sound as they do when placed in close connection and as you must eventually learn to read them. Fancy learning a piece of music, by ear, from having each note played slowly at intervals of ten seconds. The true way to learn to read by sound is to “follow” regular and moderate sending from a written or printed slip. In this way the letters reach the ear as they will always sound, and it is not difficult with the matter before you that is being ticked out, to “follow.” You may sometimes lose the place, but in a short time you will not only find it easy to keep track of what the instrument is saying, but, little by little, you will discover that you can read without the printed copy before you, however necessary such an aid may be at the beginning.

Replying to a young man who asks my advice as to how he can become a good sender:

There is only one way to learn to send the Morse characters, and this is by means of that unflagging practice by which the violin, the piano, the typewriter, and kindred instruments and machines are conquered. The alphabet, with which, together with the numerals and punctuation marks, you must become familiar at the outset, is composed entirely of linear characters, formed of dots and dashes, and by combinations of the two, supplemented in the letters c, o, r, y and z, and in the symbol &, with spaces. A dot is a quick, firm depression of the key, and a dash is a longer depression—twice or thrice as long. A space is made by leaving the key open for a second, more or less. At the beginning of your practice you are certain to make staggering dots; you will make some of your dashes short and others long, and even in spacing, your work will be susceptible of improvement. But as you proceed with your practice, your hand will gradually become obedient to your brain, your ear will become educated to detect inaccuracies or uncertainties in the style of manipulation, and continued practice will end in bringing about a smooth and graceful touch, precisely the same as practice on the piano improves the touch, sharpens the faculties and gradually develops pleasing players from most unpromising beginners. The proposition that "practice makes perfect" has gone unquestioned for ages, and of no achievement can it be said with greater truth than of learning to send the Morse characters on a telegraph key. When a perfect control over the hand has been gained, the student will find that his ear will persuade him to a regular gait, and to making his dots, dashes and spaces with a degree of nicety that will give his manipulation a musical, rhythmic sound as fascinating to the educated ear as any other "concord of sweet sounds," whether produced by musical instruments or issuing from the throats of gifted singers. This result cannot be looked for at first, however. The prosaic occupation of making the right number of dots in an h, a p, or a figure 6; of giving the dashes in a w the correct length, lest it may sound like a u if the first dash is shortened, or like an f if the last one is cut short—this occupation, with its attendant anxiety as to spacing, spelling, etc., will stand in the way at first of acquiring a style, but the latter will come with practice, just as the faculty of writing captivating English came to Macaulay, Thackeray and Dickens, and has come to thousands of others who were once toddlers, learning very slowly at their teachers' knees, and no doubt with open-eyed amazement, that the first letter in the alphabet was A and that Z stood for Zebra. It is not difficult to learn to telegraph, and the accomplishment is a useful one. But serious practice is indispensable.

This is to make my meaning clear to a railroad operator who seeks for information:

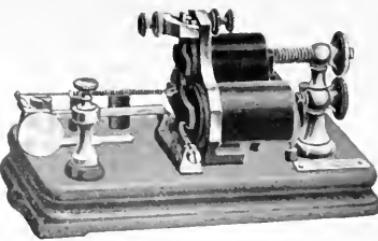
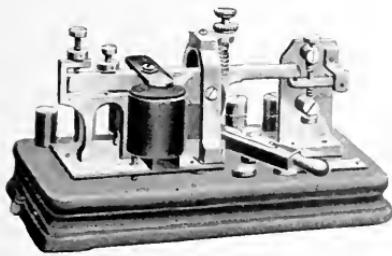
Yes, you are right in saying you guess I have some notions of my own about the best way to learn telegraphy. Any man who accomplishes any one object is entitled to have opinions, and I have mine. I have perfected an automatic system which may or may not be introduced by the telegraph companies. That remains to be seen; but whether it ever should be so introduced or not, there can be no shadow of doubt about its advantages as an automatic teacher. In making my matrices I have the pick of all the renowned senders, many of whom were formerly my own employees in the service of The United Press, and you recognize, of course, that if men are taught to read Morse sending that is of a high order of merit, they will naturally incline toward doing the thing as they hear it, when they come to practice sending. A conspicuous advantage of our machines over human senders is that you can run the machines twenty-four hours per diem, if you wish to, and they never get tired or fall off in the quality of their product. If you are a fairly expert operator and wish to perfect yourself in receiving on a typewriter at a high rate of speed, nothing could be devised to compare with my machines. They can be stopped at will, and the speed can be varied from a very moderate gait up to as high a pace as can be achieved by the fastest senders in the world, the Morse, whether it be sent slowly or fast, being of the highest grade. I am positive that telegraphy, in its highest development, can be taught at home better than it has ever been taught in offices, and that the new school of operators, thus taught, will rank higher than those who acquire the art, as I did forty years ago—by hanging around and picking up my education, haphazard, and having to unlearn in the concluding years of apprenticeship a great deal that was learned in the first year. I have lived with this problem a great many years, and am confident that my conclusions are unassailable.

If a man learns to send on a railroad wire, he will be contaminated, as are the dyer's hands, of which Shakespeare speaks, and if the sending is generally bad he will acquire a style that resembles the flight of a drove of rats over a tin roof. On the other hand, any beginner who hears nothing but finished writing will acquire something as nearly approximate to it as he can achieve. Of course it is not in all men to send well any more than it is in certain women to reach a measure of perfection on the piano such as Essipoff has acquired on that instrument, or such a degree of skill as Ysaye has attained in playing the violin. But an object lesson is none the less

valuable and I know what I am talking about when I say that the slips that we furnish are an important and never-ending exhibition of how the thing should be done. I saw the influence of this in The United Press, where those who learned the business on our wires became stars. I contend that if the same men had learned on the Jigwater railroad they would have fallen into many bad habits. If the modern railroad operators were as generous in respect of practising and striving to emulate the work of men of known ability as they are with their dots, we should occasionally hear the letter p, a six or an eight made in a way not calculated to force us to tear our hair and rend our garments. Personally I object to being sent over anybody's wires as W 6. 66illi6s, and that is the way my name often gets mutilated in these degenerate days.

It was held by certain persons, years ago, that the aim and purpose of language was to make one's self understood. The followers of these people have gradually been convinced that to make one's self understood is one of the very least of all the ways in which language can be utilized. The orators, the poets, the novelists and the dramatists have knocked that idea in the head. In the same way, certain operators who make t p for an 8, and whose dotted letters make them the laughing stock of their associates hold to the opinion that accuracy in respect to dots is quite unimportant. They will live to see their error. The time will come when operators of this kind will be paid \$5, \$10 even \$15 less per month than their more careful and conscientious brethren. They are like the gentleman who formerly built boats by "the rule of thumb," and spoke slightlying of Burgess and Herreshoff, and of Fife and Watson. But where are the rule-of-thumb men to-day? Every boat that has won an international, or in any way an important race, in the last twenty years, has been designed by the scientific men, who have made the modeling of racing machines their constant study. Where are the rule-of-thumb men? I will tell you how to find them. Ask of the dockmen at Elizabethport; ask of the tug-boat captains who their pilots are; ask at the rope walks who the night watchman is. Do this and you will learn all that is known of a scornful, ignorant and fat-witted gentry, who once ruled and flourished, but who have now passed out, simply because they were too dull and dense to advance with the ever-widening scope of scientific information, and for that reason they have returned to their native obscurity, unmourned, unhonored and unsung and they will stay there until the angel of death touches them gently with his icy finger and they pass onward to the great beyond.

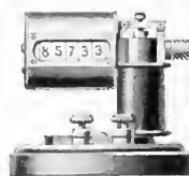
Some *of the*
WEINY-PHILLIPS
DEVICES



Their Morse Automatic
Repeater



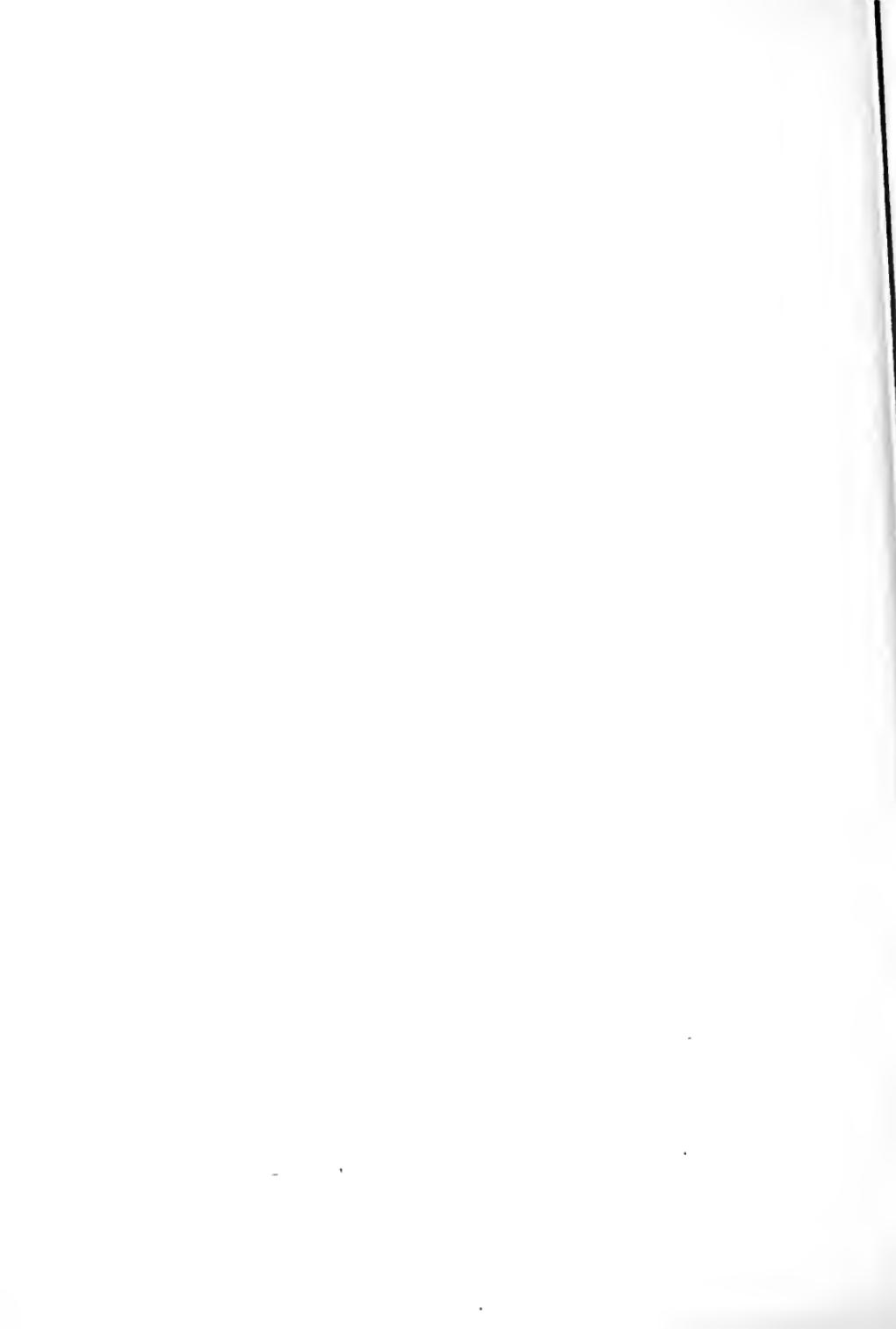
Their Resonator
Used in Connection with the Remington
Typewriter



Their Impulse Counter

PRICES:

Type A, with one roll of tape containing 1,000 words.....	\$35.00
Type M. The reproducing part of this machine is put up in a beautiful cabinet and is operated by a duplex tandem motor of recent invention. It will run, at each winding, from one to two hours, according to the speed given it.	
Price with four rolls of tape containing 1,000 words each..	50.00
Type M. The recording part of this machine is put up in the same way as the preceding. It will run an equal length of time.....	65.00
Type M complete, comprising both reproducer and recorder, when desired for use in country office or for linotype work	108.00
Type F. The reproducing part of this machine is the Morse Automatic proper. It is fitted up with the duplex tandem spring motor.....	60.00
Type F. The recording part of this machine fitted with tandem motor.....	75.00
Type F complete, for fast work and comprising both the reproducer and recorder.....	125.00
Type F-E. The reproducing and recording parts of this machine, separately and in combination, sell for the same as Type F. It has an electric motor adaptable to both the incandescent and the storage battery currents.	
Additional matrices containing 1,000 words for types A and M, 50 cents each.	
In ordering matrices say whether straight sending is wanted or code sending, and whether in the Morse or Continental alphabet. If the language is not specified it will be taken for granted that English matrices are wanted.	







WILLIS J. COOK

BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION.

IT is more than twenty years ago that some of the sketches printed herewith were written. They were contributed over the pen name of John Oakum to a telegraphic paper which long since ceased publication—"The Telegrapher." In 1876 they were gathered up with some others and issued under the title of "Oakum Pickings," a book that has been out of print for years, although I dare say there are stray copies of it still in existence. I had expected others would follow my lead and give the telegraphic fraternity a real literature by this time; but it would seem that such of the operators as have the writing faculty and take up literary work, give their attention to serious matters, such as the important developments in the realm of electrical endeavor, or they go into newspaper work and write on lines widely separated from telegraphy and the

affairs of those gallant soldiers of the wire whom they have left behind them.

Much to my surprise, I have thus far stood almost alone in respect of anything approaching imaginative work, so far as our profession is concerned; and it is because an interest in Jim Lawless, Tip McCloskey, Cap De Costa and their friends still survive after twenty years that I take the liberty of bringing them forward once more. With them are some new people who had not sprung into being when "*Oakum Pickings*" was published, but whose appearance now, I am certain, will not be taken amiss. Perhaps I should more properly say their reappearance, for Pop Donaldson, Narcissa, and several of the others have already appeared in the telegraphic prints.

The dedicating of this new edition of my sketches to the late Willis J. Cook, the original of the sketch, entitled "*Bif*," gives me an opportunity to say that I was very deeply indebted to him in all my earlier work. No one who looks at his picture, even if he did not know this most charming man in life, can fail to perceive that here was a rare soul, full of suggestions and enthusiasms, and appreciative to his

finger-tips. We had been wearied with a story of somebody's impossible feats while we were taking an early morning lunch, and Willis said to me as we journeyed home in a Third Avenue car and the gray-eyed dawn was breaking: "Did you ever hear such rubbish? Can't something be done to cork such fellows up?" I thought it over, and wrote "Jim Lawless," and submitted it to him. He gave it his unqualified approval, and it was duly printed. It had a very good effect, and one day Willis came to me, and said: "There is another duck, worse than any of the breed of bores who have their Jim Lawlesses, and that is the fellow who tells what *he* can do. The creators of the Lawless clan are catholic in their tastes, and while they lie all right, they are not themselves the objects of their own glorifying. Just touch up this other fellow for luck." So I followed "Jim Lawless" with a sketch of an extremely disagreeable fellow, whom we called "Posie Van Dusen."

At this juncture, having done all that I felt called upon to do in the missionary line, I produced "Tip McCloskey," who became such a favorite that I wrote "An Autumn Episode" in

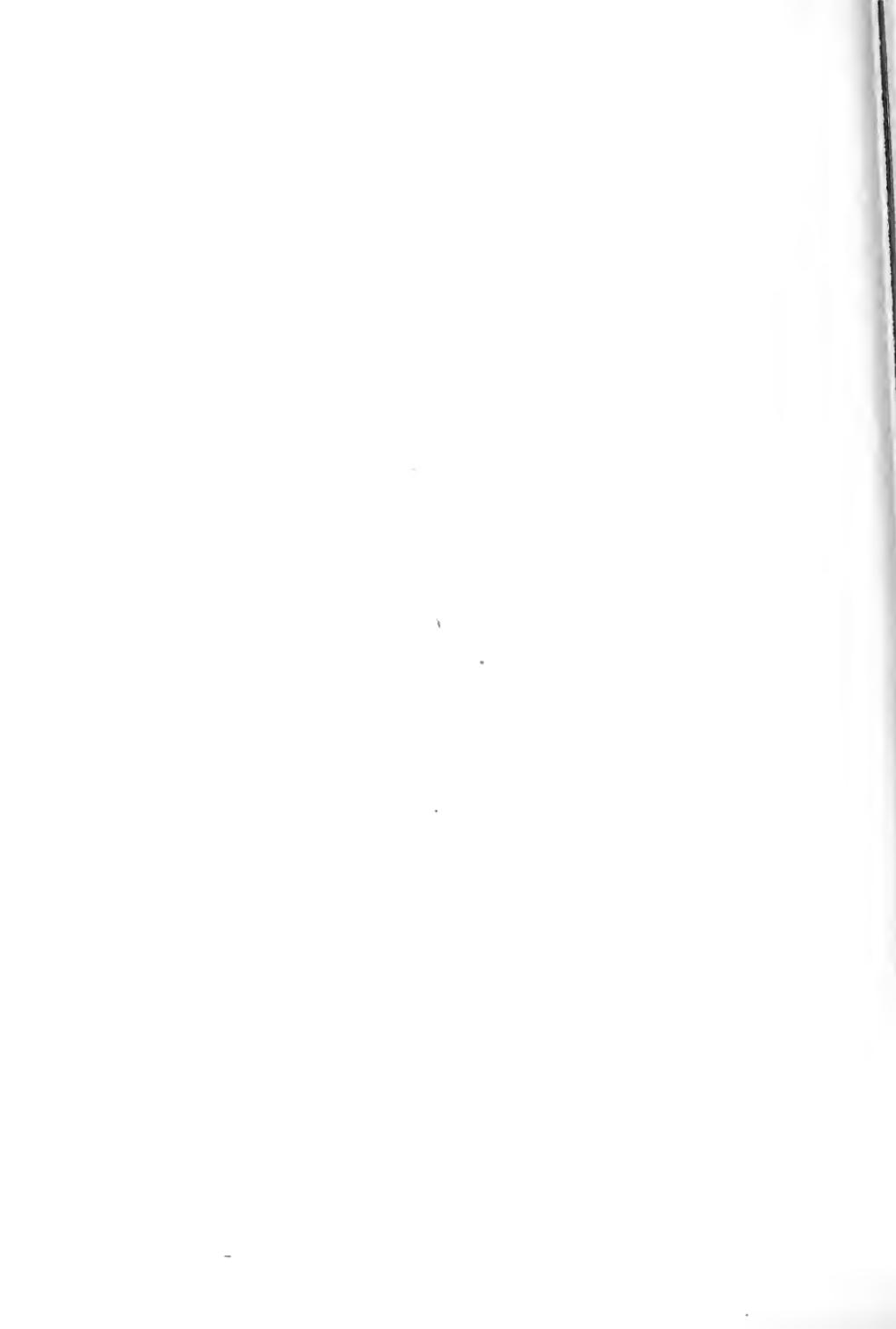
self-defense, and to supply the demand for more about McCloskey. Then Cap De Costa was added. All of these people are composite in character, as is also Bif, although more of that sketch than of any of the others is true as applies to the personation of any one man. The sketch in which I drew on him so liberally did not appear until long after he had gone West; but when he saw it, he was very philosophical about it, and didn't mind the brief period of notoriety that it gave him. He wrote to me from Salt Lake City that, having encouraged me to make literary material of so many of his contemporaries, he didn't see that there was any cause for him to claim exemption from the operation of a general rule. "And, by the way," he added, "that maroon-colored fakir, who used to run the elevator at 195 Broadway, is out here ranching." Although I did not know who the "maroon-colored fakir" was, I saw from the spirited change of subject that my old friend had taken no offense at what I had done.

The telegraphic profession lost one of its brightest ornaments when Willis J. Cook passed onward. I have heard all the fast senders that

have attracted attention in the past thirty-five years, and, while many were faster than he was, none of them was quite as musical. All the lightness and brightness in his nature, which made his companionship so captivating, seemed to shine out in his sending. He was a man of the world, but not a worldly man. Everything interested him, and he interested everybody. No man I ever knew more fully lived up to the philosophy of a writer who says: "Life is an ecstasy, and nothing else is really living. And to achieve this state requires new elements all the time. It may not always require change of location; material change is of very little importance compared to that mental variety which is the secret of advancing life. To lay hold on new ideas, to climb to new heights, is the change which is growth and development, and which brings one into touch with new atmospheres."

WALTER P. PHILLIPS.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN., Oct. 15, 1900.



OLD JIM LAWLESS.



OLD JIM LAWLESS.

Poor old boy! the Western pines wave over his grave now. He has been dead some time. I do not remember just what took him from us, but as he was "Jim" to everybody, and prone to go on "jams" in spite of all opposition, I have a suspicion that it was a combination of the two. He did not work at the business for several years prior to his decease; certain disturbances with telegraph managers and railroad superintendents had rendered him unpopular with employers, and he had officiated in a Cheyenne restaurant—with bar attached—up to within a short time previous to his death. But neither in this field of enterprise was he entirely successful. On the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, an attempt, while train dispatcher, to pass two trains on the same track, had worked his ruin. Dropping into a beerly slumber, which lasted until day-break,

while he was attending a button repeater at Corinne, had resulted in a similar disaster. His troubles with trains and repeaters ended, however, when he quitted the service, and he thought he had gravitated to his level in the "hash and jig-water business," as he facetiously termed it, and he confidently looked forward to less turbulent scenes and experiences. But one day the proprietor, who had just refitted the saloon in gorgeous shape, went to Omaha, and left Jim "chief in charge." The next day several kegs of new ale arrived, and Jim was busy all day getting them in. In the evening his friends found him unusually genial and generous, and they unanimously responded in person to his cheery invitation to "Drinkwymebboys—whasseroos." In attempting to tap one of the new arrivals, the bung flew out of the keg, and for a moment the air was fragrant with its contents.

All that new paper, the mirror and its drapery of brocade and tassels, the pictures over the bar, and everything around wept tears of hops and malt. Jim gave the newly garnished room one sorrowful look, and it sobered him instantly. Then, turning to his friends, he said: "Good-

bye, boys; there goes another situation," and, like the "Tall Alcalde,"

" He strode him out of the adobe door,
And ne'er was seen or heard of more,"

by Cheyenne eyes or ears, at least. There was a legend floating about Red Buttes in 1870, which assigned him to the position of a water-drawer for the railroad at a station near there. I can not vouch for the truth of it, but certain it is he dropped out of telegraphing some years ago, and died engaged in some lowlier pursuit than ours.

But Jim Lawless was the biggest kind of a telegrapher. I've seen the whole of them work; know them all by heart, and there never was a man who snatched brass that could touch him. I'll tell you what he did in Savannah, Ga. Old Pop Donaldson was in Charleston, and in those times could average about eighty-three words a minute. He got Jim the first night Lawless struck the town, and Jim had been around the block, and was so drunk the boys had to prop him up in his chair; but he sat there and took three hundred and eleven messages without a "break," besides a short "special" for the

Savannah *News*. Donaldson did his level best. And the copy Jim took! gilt-edged, copper-plate; couldn't be "rushed" out of it anyhow. And talk about copying behind! Why, that night, when Pop said, "N M—U'r no slouch.—G N.," old man Jim was three social messages, a Government "cipher," and the short "special" behind. The boys all stood around and watched him, and after he gave "O. K." and signed, he went right on and copied out all that stuff he had laid back there in his head. Jim used to take "State Press" at Albany a long time ago, when they sent it abbreviated. Most of the men took it by registers, but Jim just took it by sound, and wrote it out in full. The editors never saw such copy, and the proprietors of the paper offered him \$3,000 a year to take charge of their subscription-books. One night when he was taking "State," Syracuse called up and wanted to know if he could deliver a message to the Chief of Police. Jim told him "yes," and took it, and told New York to go ahead. Then he jumped up and walked over to the police station, stopped into a little "dive" there is right there by the Delavan House, got a "schooner" and two

"ponies" of beer, and came back to the office, and he "sat in" and went to copying, and caught up to New York before he got "30," though he fell four hundred words behind while he was gone. These are only a few of the stories I can tell you about Jim Lawless, but these ought to suffice. I never encounter a crowd of operators but some one will discourse about Hank Somebody, Sandy This, or Nick That, and their appalling achievements, and as I know for a positive certainty that Jim Lawless was the best operator that ever struck a key, I can not refrain from giving one or two of his feats publicity.



POSIE VAN DUSEN.



POSIE VAN DUSEN.

I HAVE a remarkable memory for faces, and though it was ten good years ago that I first saw Posie Van Dusen, and I had never seen him, and had scarcely heard of him since, I recognized him instantly when I saw him again last fall.

I don't know why he is entitled "Posie." There is nothing about him suggesting the exhalation of flowers. His nose is the only blossoming feature about him, but I have no reason to think he derived his fragrant *sobriquet* from that. It must have been in the summer of 1863 or 1864 that I first saw Posie. It was the occasion of my first visit to New York. I was a boy then, in a New England office, with a very slight knowledge of dashes and dots, and having rendered a railroad superintendent a service, he offered me a pass to New York. My sensations on debarking in the wonderful metropolis were

much, I fancy, as were yours, my reader. I was captivated with everything I saw, and was astounded with the length and breadth of the swarming island. To me at that time the poet's bitter denunciation—

“ False land of promise, paved with gold
That turns to iron 'neath the blistering feet,
Lured by that rustic lie to pace her streets!
That loadstone rock whereon adventure splits
And wrecked ambition starves;”

to me, I say, this had no unusual significance. I saw only the bright side of the picture, and I tripped gayly along the route of the telegraph poles, vainly expecting to reach the office by that means. When I had tired of this I used my tongue, and ere long I stood before the great “No. 145,” of which I had heard and thought so much. My cousin was an operator, and in due time I was ushered into the operating-room of the American Company. He was in good standing; he has since risen to a position of trust; his name is identified now with the invention of “duplex” and “quads” innumerable, and I find him, moreover, despite his great modesty, a man whose knowledge of electrical

science is generally respected. He introduced me to the manager, Mr. J. C. Hinchman, to Mr. M. S. Roberts, general assistant, to Mr. William Clum, chief operator, and to Mr. Dixon F. Marks, night manager, also to operators in considerable number; and finally prefacing my presentation with the remark, "Of course you want to know all the celebrities," he brought me to where two young men, apparently cast in the Swivellerian mold, were standing, and said: "This is Tip McCloskey, Mr. Oakum, and this, Posie Van Dusen. You have heard of them both." Indeed I had, and I felt much the same in their presence as I remember to have felt several years later, when I stood face to face with Charles Dickens, and tried to comprehend that he was the man who had created Cittle, Copperfield, Agnes, Dame Durden, and the host whose hopes and experiences are a part of my own life—the sunniest part of it, need I add?

The next morning, as I stood waiting for the arrival of my *chaperon* and relative, who was not due until 8:30, I saw the little army of operators file into the side door. I was a little shaver, with a round, rosy face, like hundreds of

other boys, and, I dare say, they did not recognize me. Certainly none of them honored me with a bow—not even with the ghost of a wink—to betoken they had ever seen me before. I had not learned then how slight a claim a boy's introduction to a busy New Yorker entails. At the end of the list, as invariably happened, came Tip McCloskey. His appearance, even in the distance, was disheveled, but there was a devil-may-care air about him as he strutted along, which was not without its element of smartness. I turned my face away; I had been snubbed by everybody, and I would not give this man a chance to wound my foolish sensibilities. But Tip accosted me with a kindness in his tones that I have never forgotten. He shook hands with me and called me his dear boy, and, leaning up against a little iron railing with as much *nonchalance* as if he had been fifteen minutes ahead of time, instead of fifteen behind, he proceeded to inquire how old I was, how long I had been learning, and assured me I was doing first rate.

"Stick to it," said he; "it can't be accomplished with a *leap*; it requires patience and practice. Don't get discouraged; the war is creating

a big demand for operators, and before it is over, I shall expect to hear of you as one of the best operator's around. And let me give you a little advice, my boy," he continued, quite seriously, "don't go too much on your reputation. I have got a big reputation myself, and I *must* sustain it. There is no such thing for me as starting anew; but you can learn wisdom from my experience. Try to become a good, reliable operator; steer clear of liquor, and you will win. And remember, above everything, that it is as impossible to do telegraphic work correctly, without occasional interrogation in doubtful instances, as it would be to print a book or newspaper correctly before the proof-reader improved it by his emendations."

With this he bid me "good-morning," and shaking hands, again disappeared within. I walked on air that morning. All the encouragement I had ever felt was not a tenth of that which this seemingly abandoned Bohemian had voluntarily excited. Some one says that every man has the ashes of a poet in him. I am sure Tip McCloskey, long wandering through this land, and now an exile in Mexico, has the ashes of a

gentleman in him. What a pity that fortuitous circumstances, home influences, or an inherent will had not guided the warm instincts of his soul, and developed them into something worthier; how sad to contemplate a man wrecked on the waste waters of dissolution, from a mere lack of something to change his course!

But I am forgetting Van Dusen. Before I left New York, I learned from Tip that Posie had been discharged. The story was a brief one. Van Dusen, Tip, and Cap De Costa, another telegraphic knight, had been up into Westchester County the week before to a ball. Van Dusen went to play the violin, on which he performed quite creditably, "though he got a message going to 14 Milk Street as 1470 K Street," said Tip, as he related the details. "Posie fiddled," said Tip, "as long as he could, and when he had become not only too full for utterance, but too full to scrape the strings, the people piled us into the wagon and started us home. It was awfully dark, and most of us were asleep for a very long time; but Posie woke up at length and wanted me to stop the horse; said he thought his Cremona was knocking around in the bottom of

the wagon. So I reined in the steed, and Posie got out to make an examination. I went right to sleep, and I guess Cap wasn't awake at all. Anyway, we fetched up at the stable next morning, and Posie wasn't in. He says now that I drove off and left him in the woods twelve miles from Harlem. He was five days footing it into New York, and when he got here, J. C. H. had his paper sealed, signed, and ready for delivery."

I wasn't as sorry as I ought to have been. I didn't like Van Dusen particularly. Perhaps I was prejudiced by Tip, whom I had once heard tell Posie: "Yes, you are a big operator—let you tell it."

Last summer I embarked for Boston by the Shore Line train, leaving Forty-second Street at nine p. m. There were not many in the cars—a young operator from Watertown, N. Y., going to New London to work for the opposition, a couple of dry-goods drummers, one or two miscellaneous entities, and myself. Just as the train was starting, a chap, whom I at once recognized as Van Dusen, entered the car. He was redolent of vinous compounds, and before we had fairly steamed into Harlem he had edged himself into

the conversation proceeding between the two drummers. One of them had said something about his "circuit," and that was sufficient to set Van Dusen's tongue to running like mad. He worked the first wire that was ever worked from New Orleans to New York, he did; he took the first message that was ever sent across the plains—that's what kind of a man he was. But his auditors were not so much interested in telegraphics as they might have been, and they incontinently snubbed the man of dots and dashes, and he was obliged at last to address his conversation to the boy. After awhile he got a railroad flask, and he offered some of it to everybody. There were no takers except himself. He had talked shop just enough to raise the curiosity of the youngster from Watertown, and the lad came over and sat with him on the seat behind me. I couldn't help hearing much of what was said, and I thanked my stars when I began to feel drowsy just after leaving New Haven. The train, however, was a lightning express, and the abrupt curves and uneven track swayed the smoking-car, and I woke up at intervals of ten or fifteen minutes, I should judge. By some

singular fatality my waking moments seemed to come just as Van Dusen was beginning to relate the history of some new adventure. As nearly as I can recall it, the panorama shifted after this manner:

"Sorry you won't take a drink, young fellow. The whisky in this bottle is fourteen years old. I want to give you a little of my experience—some heavy work I did in Cincinnati. I took fourteen thousand words of press—"

Then I fell asleep, and woke up to this refrain:

"Sorry you won't take a drink, young fellow. The whisky in this bottle is sixteen years old. I want to give you a little of my experience—some heavy work I did in New Orleans. I took three hundred and thirty-one messages in two hours and a half—"

Again, when the ear disturbed my nap, I caught:

"Sorry you won't take a drink, young fellow. The whisky in this bottle is eighteen years old. I want to give you a little of my experience—some heavy work I did in Corinne. Business had been accumulating in Omaha twelve days. Old Jim Lawless was working there then—fastest

sender ever lived. I just told him to leave out everything, and go in. Received from him seventeen hours and thirty seconds, and took sixteen hundred messages without a--"

"Why, that is nearly a hundred an hour," ejaculated the youngster, amazed.

"I don't know anything about that. We never counted 'em to see what time we made," said Posie, in return; and then I fell asleep again. I couldn't pretend to tell you how many times I came to the surface, as it were, and heard the story about that aged whisky and the heavy work. The more he talked about them the older the whisky got, until its one hundred and fourteenth year was reached, and I don't know how many more, and the work became heavier as the dust and cobwebs gathered upon that inspiring flask of spirits. Finally I fell into a deep slumber, which lasted until the train went crashing through Hyde Park and Jamaica Plain. I looked behind me for Van Dusen as we came in sight of Boston's domes, but he was gone, whither I knew not. It was a beautiful morning, and the birds were singing sweetly in the trees as I staggered across the Common more

asleep than awake. Somehow there seemed to me to be a story of whisky and heavy work permeating the tones of the feathered songsters; but from away over on a hill-side, where the branches were waving in the summer wind of the early morning, there came the tones of a sweeter singer than all the rest. Above the din of the many its blithe notes rang out sharp and clear, and it seemed to sing—possibly I dreamed all this, but I remember it as a reality—it seemed to sing those lines of Young's:

“ We rise in glory as we sink in pride;
Where boasting ends, there dignity begins.”



LITTLE TIP McCLOSKEY.



LITTLE TIP McCLOSKEY.

"YOU remember little old Tip McCloskey? He passed through here yesterday *en route* to Mexico. He has grown old since I saw him before, and they tell me he is a 'little off' on his working, and that the nice copy he used to put up has got to be a trifle rocky. Whisky has been playing fast and loose with his nerves, I fancy, and his palmiest days, telegraphically speaking, are over."

I extract the above from a private letter bearing date of New Orleans, March 6th, 1874. So Little Tip has come to the surface again, after all these months in which his friends have been wondering if he was alive. Of course I remember him. Everybody remembers him. Ten years ago it was no small affront to the telegraphic profession in general not to know Tip McCloskey. Long before I had carried my last message and

been promoted to the position of operator in a way office, I had learned the history of his achievements by heart. I should be almost ashamed to-day to tell you how much I revered that man long before I ever saw him. No rapt listener to the enchanting stories of "Sinbad," "Aladdin," or any of the others with which Scheherazade beguiled the Arabic ruler and his attendants through the fleeting hours of those one thousand and one nights, ever paid more faithful attention to the clever wife than I to those who made little Tip's exploits the burden of their song. I installed him in my boyish heart as a man fit to rank with Aramis or Athos, with Porthos or D'Artagan, and the genius of Dumas has not clothed the "Three Guardsmen" and their Gascon mate with braver laurels than those with which I crowned my hero, or attributed to them greater or more numerous virtues than those with which I formed a halo to crown Tip's curly head.

The worthy Mr. Tip was generally known as a man who never "broke," and he traveled, got trusted, borrowed money, and obtained new situations in spite of frequent dismissals, on this reputation. It was he who received Buchanan's

message at Worcester, Mass. It came through a button repeater at Providence. Tip afterward made his boast that he was the only man in the New England States who took the whole message without a "break," and I think he was. The auburn-haired operator who copied the message at Providence said that Worcester was accidentally cut off in the middle of that official document for fifteen minutes, and if Tip got the whole message, he of the carroty sconce was a clam, that's all. I will not discuss the merit of this difference of opinion; it is a trivial matter.

In Atlanta, Ga., Tip made a wager that he could walk from his instrument to the outside door, where he was to be met by a boy from a neighboring restaurant with a gin sour on a waiter, drink the "medicine," and resume his work without interrupting the sender—and he did it. The Atlanta paper said, in an editorial paragraph, two days later: "Our article of yesterday, on the indiscretions of J. C. Lamont, would have been characterized by less spirit had we known him to be a relative of the late Henry Clay. The Associated Press dispatch, on which our article was based, stated distinctly that Lamont was a

nephew of old Dan Webster, of Massachusetts." The other papers in that locality, whose "press" was taken on the same wire, had it Henry Clay; but Tip's reputation saved him. There is no doubt in my mind that the rest of the men on that wire were a set of unmitigated plugs and guessers.

Tip worked the old National wire at New York in 1863. This was a great circuit in its day, and the amount of business sent *via* Pittsburg was enormous. Owing to an inordinate appetite for dramatic performances, he whiled the most of his evenings away at the Bowery Theater, and because of this, and a habit of indulging in "revelry by night," after the entertainment, it was usually late before he sought his couch. As sleepiness is a natural sequence of unrest, and as ten or fifteen "horns" of beer a day do not conduce to wakefulness under these circumstances, Tip was generally drowsy; and whenever he was "clear" he laid his head on the table and went to sleep. The office boys, by whom he was regarded as a sort of demi-god, manifested their interest in his welfare by always being on the alert for calls. When they heard Pittsburg call-

ing they aroused Tip from his slumber. He would open the key, stare about sleepily for a moment, and then command his friend at "G" to "let 'em come and cut 'em all to bits." Then, to the admiration of all about, he would sit and copy message after message in a beautifully flowing chirography, oftentimes carrying on a lively conversation with his companions. And he *didn't "break" in seventeen months.* But there were bigoted citizens of New York who conspired against him. One illustration will suffice

Dr. Janvier received a message from his wife, stating that "Mr. Sage has caved and is satisfied." Now, I maintain that if Mr. Sage had caved, he *ought* to have been satisfied. But not so with Janvier. He demanded a repetition, and the telegram read: "Message received and is satisfactory." I have no patience with your modern Galens, and I never doubted for a moment that Janvier was prejudiced.

The occasion of the memorable Army of the Republic celebration in Boston, in 1868, found Tip a night operator at Titusville, Pa. It was on that night he demonstrated to a coterie of friends the feasibility of reciting "Casabianca"

and receiving "press" simultaneously. The next morning the *Journal* announced in its telegraphic columns that "Post No. 1 was commanded by an Irishman from New Bedford;" and the New Bedford *Standard* hastened, a day or two later, to copy the dispatch, and explain that Post No. 1 was really commanded by A. N. Cushman, from New Bedford. It added, moreover, that Mr. Cushman was less a Milesian than the telegraph. This was evidently a fling at Tip's nationality, and I have never ceased to despise the carping nature of a newspaper that would make such an observation.

When the Pacific Railroad was opened, Tip and Jim Lawless joined the numerous company, who, pinning their faith on the star of empire, followed it across the Missouri, through the land of sage brush and alkali, and beyond the snow-capped heights of the Sierras. I never heard of McCloskey but twice during the whole Western tour and his sojourning on the Pacific coast. He was put off a train, and came sauntering into the office at Wasatch, in Utah, one morning, and depositing on the counter an old enameled cloth satchel tied up with a piece of line wire, he said

to the operator: "Just you keep your eye skinned for that trunk, George, and I'll go out and lie down." The satchel was empty; that was obvious at the first glance. The operator tossed it on an adjacent shelf and went about his business. The budding season ripened into glorious summer, those delicious days when the sun is up early and goes not down till late, came and went, but Tip came not. One afternoon, however, when the bearded wheat was bending with its wealth, and all nature had grown magnificent in her abundant harvest, he swaggered jauntily from an Eastern bound train, and called for his satchel with an air indicating that his absence had merely extended over an hour or two. He had not improved in personal appearance in the interval. A red shirt, a pair of jean pantaloons, an old felt hat, and a suspender long separated from its mate, constituted what

"Pledges of our fallen state"

adorned his person. He had been "down to 'Frisco," he said, "and had seen trouble." Slowly he unwound the line wire from his shabby satchel, cautiously he opened its widely gaping

mouth, then plunging in his hand and feeling all around, he observed, with considerable emphasis: "I should like to know the name of the black-hearted Mormon who went through me for that red velvet vest." It was not without difficulty that he was persuaded to quit Wasatch; and when he did shake the dust of that polygamous section from his honest shoes, he mentioned privately to the train dispateher, as the train glided haughtily away, that probably he would find that "cylinder escapement" vest in Omaha. But my correspondent makes no mention of his wearing in New Orleans a garment resembling the ruby wine, so I fear he never found it. Perhaps he goes now to seek it in the land of the Montezumas.

AN AUTUMN EPISODE.



AN AUTUMN EPISODE.

No pent-up Utica could contract the powers of Mr. Tip McCloskey. A man of his genius could scarcely be expected to confine himself to any one line of business, or to any one locality, and he did not. In a metaphorical sense, he chased the roe-buck o'er the plain, but ever fresh and free remained. Some of his pilgrimages were voluntary, others were inspired by circumstances over which he had no control, while a fitting regard for the prejudices of officials often prompted him to surrender lucrative situations with telegraph companies, and turn his attention temporarily to other pursuits. Arriving one day in Plainfield, Conn., he said something to the station agent about having had trouble in getting through the Union lines, and adding that the walking from Washington was rather monotonous, asked for employment as a waiter in the railroad restaurant.

His appearance was against him, and he was put off on the pretext that there were no vacancies. He then applied for work to a master-mechanic who was superintending the laying of a new track near by, but was again refused. Not at all abashed, he returned to the depot, murmuring:

“ More human, more divine than we,
In truth, half human, half divine
Is woman, when good stars agree
To temper, with their rays benign,
The hour of her nativity.”

Reaching the platform, he paced up and down awhile, and finally said: “ I wish I wasn’t quite so unprepossessing at this time; I would call in and see the telegraph girl. But, pshaw! ‘ Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow,’ Pope says. And old Polonius said to Laertes, ‘ Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy—neat but not gaudy.’ Egad, that’s me. Costly as my purse can buy—been out of funds for three months—trunk in Chattanooga. Cheer up, Tip, my boy, and make your *devoir* to the lady.”

His address at this time had a dash about it that invariably captivated the female heart. If

one of the fair sex met him during his periods of seediness, and elevated her sensitive nose at first, it mattered little. Given a hearing, he speedily dissipated all depreciating thoughts from his hearers' minds, and beguiled them to the last degree with tales of moving accident by flood and field, with bits of reminiscence, telegraphic and otherwise, or characteristic stories of his celebrated peers, all of whom he knew personally, and whose history he was wont to touch upon in a manner most droll and winning.

The lady operator at Plainfield that September afternoon listened to Tip's easy flow of words, and at the end of a ten minutes' conversation through the little window, he had enshrouded himself in a halo of glory, which toned down his faded dress and sunburnt features to a degree that gained him admission to the office. Once in, he insisted on the operator giving her entire attention to her needle-work, while he did the business. "The idea of a robust operator like me," he said, "sitting here idling away my time when there is work to be done, and no one else but a lady to do it, is absurd."

And she smilingly surrendered her chair to the

"gentle gentleman," somehow much handsomer than he looked, and sat and sewed the afternoon away in a little rocker in the opposite corner.

From that moment Tip gained an admirer for all time. An inferior operator herself, his entertainer regarded a perfect sound reader as a *rara avis*, and when she had been to Worcester or Norwich, and had seen male operators receive press reports, she had returned home and been despondent for a week from thinking what a lamentable incompetent she was. But she had never seen any one in Worcester or Norwich whose telegraphic ability could compare with Tip's. He told everybody who essayed to send to him, to rush things. "Trying to get my hand in," he said. "Been traveling extensively—taking views a-foot—and am rusty." Meantime, he paid the most knightly attention to his *vis-à-vis*. "Talk right along, my little friend," he would say; "it doesn't make the slightest difference to me, even if I am receiving. Got used to that long ago. Learned the business that way from old Pop Donaldson in Savannah, Ga. He's dead now; a wonderful operator, and one of Nature's noblemen. Green be the turf above him." And

the pretty copies Tip took as he went on chatting and telling stories, and the merry jingle of his nervous "i, i, o, k., Me," quickly established his reputation, as he established it everywhere.

In many a bright pair of feminine eyes you were a great hero that afternoon, Mr. Tip McCloskey, as you sat there relaying New York business for all the girls on that Hartford and Providence wire—business which should have gone to Hartford only you thought it a hardship the girls should call so long, and offered to take it yourself; but you were no hero in the eyes of the young man at Norwich to whom you sent that business at break-neck speed, to the infinite delight of your fair companion. She cordially despised that conceited youngster, who had gravitated from a country office to the "City on the Thames," and who made life miserable for all who knew less of the telegraphic art than he. It was a very warm afternoon, but you made it warmer in the vicinity of the Plainfield wire, in that Norwich office, than it was anywhere else on this terrestrial globe; and a certain aspiring operator went home that night with a very much smaller opinion of himself than he had entertained

formerly. You yourself admitted that you had “tried to make it interesting for him.”

Finally tea-time came, and Tip was invited to accompany his new-found lady friend to the station agent's house, where she boarded. He was coolly received, but with womanly adroitness she plied him with questions at table, and he had attentive listeners directly. After office hours he returned to the house, and during the evening, like Goldsmith's travel-stained soldier, he shou-
dered his crutch, figuratively speaking, and told how fields were won. “You will be pleased to give Mr. McCloskey a bed to-night, of course, Mr. Grandy,” said a persuasive female voice, as the clock chimed ten; and Tip lay down that night in a clean, sweet bed, and slept as soundly, and rose as brisk and happy next morning, as if he owned the universe.

“You have an influential friend among us, my boy,” said Mr. Grandy, during the forenoon. “I have been persuaded to find something for you to do. She says your misfortunes can not hide the fact that you are a gentleman and a wonderful operator.”

The next day Tip became a general utility

man about the depot, and at the end of his first week he had demonstrated his fitness for better work, and was appointed ticket-seller. When he left town, three months later, he said gravely to Mr. Grandy: "Good-bye, and God bless you all, particularly my little operator friend. I should die if I stayed here longer. I must have excitement, and I'll find it among the military telegraphers beyond the Potomac. Yet I feel like crying at leaving here. I have been more respectable the past three months than I ever was before in my life; but the end has come—good-bye!" And the steamboat train for Norwich, with Tip waving his handkerchief on the rear platform, dashed out of sight, and Plainfield knew him no more.

Let me conclude by giving one episode in Tip's experience as a ticket-seller. His visit to Plainfield was made early in the sixties, when postal currency was scarce and silver change at a premium. Postage stamps were in general use for change at that time, and one day an inebriated and quarrelsome stranger called for a ticket for Hartford, tendering a bank-note. Tip stamped the ticket, and counting out about a dollar in

postage stamps, put them down with his hand over them to prevent the wind, which was blowing briskly, from scattering them to the four corners of the earth. He waited patiently a moment for the purchaser to take ticket and stamps; but the fellow was obstinate, and held back. It was then that Tip raised his sheltering hand and cried, in a three-card-monte voice: "N-e-x-t gentleman!" Some of those postage stamps blew back into the office, others blew out of doors, and what became of the remainder of them is still a mystery. The purchaser finally succeeded in getting his ticket and one three-cent stamp, and in getting very angry. Elbowing his way back to the window once more, he bawled: "I want the rest of my change." Leveling a look at him which was intended to freeze the marrow in the fellow's bones, Tip shook his finger slowly, and said, in measured accents: "Young man, you have *had* your change *once*. Now, if you don't move away from here, I'll come out there and bust your crust!" The man looked at Tip for a moment only, and moved mournfully away. His regard for the safety of his "crust" kept him away, and when his train

arrived, he was the first man to board it. Ticket-selling at Plainfield during the remainder of Tip's stay went on peacefully and without let or hinderance.

Mr. McCloskey had made his record.

CAP DE COSTA.



CAP DE COSTA.

THOSE who read a previous paper in this volume entitled “Posie Van Dusen,” may remember that a gentleman bearing the name of Cap De Costa was incidentally introduced. Less attention was devoted to him than to the others, because he had never performed any of the marvelous feats which so redounded to the glory of Jim Lawless, nor had he ever won distinction in the peculiar respects in which it is vouchsafed that none but McCloskeys shall achieve victory and renown; and yet De Costa was an original in his way—a genuine ingot in the mine of humanity. It was his misfortune, however, in common with most of his class, that the retention of lucrative situations is not compatible with a free indulgence in wine and wassail. And thus it came to pass, in the year of our Lord 1860, that Mr. De Costa had been so regularly and

persistently dismissed from the service of the American Company, in New York, as to render it somewhat difficult to persuade managers that he deserved a situation.

From August, 1860, until June, 1862, very little is known of the gentleman's history or his whereabouts. Vague rumors are still whispered concerning his operations during the period mentioned, but the theories of his disappearance are so diverse in their nature that unless Mr. De Costa possessed the unusual boon of ubiquity he could scarcely have filled the bill. One story runs that he passed the interval in driving a mule team on some route having Santa Fé for its remoter terminus; another says he was engaged in New Jersey, where he flourished a shepherd's staff and looked after a flock as pastoral in their seeming, no doubt, as the average arrivals from the West, as seen at Communipaw; while still another informant holds that, at intervals during the entire period, telegraphers seeking relaxation in a game of billiards at the National, saw sometimes hovering in a dark corner a face mysteriously familiar, though changed and shy of notice, and others dropping in at Branch's after "30"

for a lunch or some liquid comfort, noticed that a figure, which, according to Mike's testimony, had been "hanging over that chair and baking himself all night in a comatose sthate," always came quickly to an upright posture and disclosed that it possessed legs and the faculty of locomotion, by speedily gliding up the steep stairs, and disappearing down Ann Street as if propelled by shame and humiliation.

But these distracting theories of De Costa's whereabouts do not alter the circumstance that on the 8th of July, 1862, he appeared in a terribly demoralized condition at the office of a western superintendent, between whom and himself a dialogue, something as given below, is said to have taken place:

"I hear operators are skurce," said De Costa, with the skill of a diplomat. "Good many gone to the war, and more going d—n soon. I'm an operator, old man, and, look here—I want a job."

"Indeed!" returned the gentleman; "but your manner, sir, is hardly what is due to men in my position, and you seem to have been drinking. I really fear we have no vacan—"

"Oh, that's played!" broke in the captain. "I've been here before. I'm sorry if I haven't been respectful; but, d—n it, man, *you* don't seem to understand that good operators are skurce." And, as if in atonement for anything unfriendly in his manner, he squirted a stream of tobacco juice in very inconvenient proximity to the official boots, and fell to whistling "Auld Lang Syne."

What he said was true; the demand for operators was threatening to exceed the supply; circulars calling for "sound operators," to go into the army, were freely distributed, and telegraphic officials were well aware that the facilities for handling the wonderfully increasing business were likely to be crippled from a lack of operators. But the superintendent did not fancy the manner of the applicant, and he prepared to annihilate him.

"No," he began, "old acquaintance should *not* be forgot, and with the record which you have, Mr. De Costa, the company is not likely to let your fame pass from memory; but we really don't need you. We only want a few operators just now, and it is essential that those should be absolutely first-class—men capable of sending a

message with one hand and receiving one with the other—who can work two wires at once, so that—”

“Look here, cully,” interrupted De Costa, speaking most confidentially—“look here, cully, you say you want men that can *do* that? Well, I’m your oyster. You want to engage me on the spot at your highest salary.”

It is not within my province to describe the process of thought by which these two came ultimately to agree. De Costa’s impudence may have awed the official into submission, or a fine sense of humor may have led the gentleman to give the veteran another trial. At all events, my friend of the military title found his way to the operating-room that very afternoon, and was enrolled on the list at the “highest salary,” as he had suggested. During his stay his relations were tolerably pleasant, though some of his collaborators were taken down a peg or two occasionally by his manner of answering their inquiries. A message of his receiving, containing upward of a hundred words, was once handed to a new operator for transmission to some point in the East. It was beautifully written, and filled the

blank completely. The sender got on gloriously until he reached the bottom, and then he was unable to see the check. He looked for it at the top and on the margin, but his "eager and expectant gaze" was each time disappointed. As a last resource he marched over to Cap's desk, and said, very demurely:

"Mr. De Costa, you seem to have omitted the check by some—"

"Omitted the devil!" responded Cap, a little pompously, observing with a wink at his interrogator: "nice copy, isn't it?" Then he turned it over, and pointing to the middle of the back, exclaimed: "Why, you tow-topped lunkhead, what do you call that?" The check was there on the back, looming up solitary and alone, like the Latin inscription "Hic" on the tombstone of the departed inebriate.

His friends thought he had reformed, and indeed his behavior for a few months was so much better than was expected, that the position of all-night man, which had become vacant, was tendered him. The duties were light, with hours from 1 A. M. to 8 A. M. As a general thing he took scarcely a half dozen messages, besides send-

ing a little press to San Francisco, and jogged on the even tenor of his way as happily as a bird. But there came a sad, regretful pay-day night when Cap met with a misfortune. He looked upon the wine when it was red.

"On horror's head horrors accumulate," you know; so it was not surprising that, after he had relieved his men, San Francisco should offer a "special." I fancy that deep emotions were working in the old boy's breast when the doleful information came bumping across the plains; but be that as it may, deep emotions were working in several other breasts next morning. A special, which should have appeared in the New York *Tribune* that day, for reasons which the reader may surmise, hung innocently on its hook in the San Francisco office until long after the cock's shrill clarion had waked the echoes of the new-born day.

The manager—or "Charley," as the captain always called him—by some strange chance came earlier to the office that morning than usual, to find the door open, the fire gone out, and the room vacant. The butt of a cigar lying on the "overland" desk indicated that De Costa had

sat pondering there on his duty, and the feasibility of his performing it. The circuit closer was open, a piece of tin, which Cap always took with him when he changed his base, was gone from the sounder, and on a blank lying loose among many others was written in pencil, in a neat chirography, unmistakably his, the following laconic adieu:

“ CHARLEY,—I works no more; I resigns.
“ CAP.”

DE COSTA was a man, as has been indicated, who had no pronounced scruples about changing his base of operations. He had no abiding faith in the theory that

“ We may fill our houses with rich sculptures and rare paintings,
But we can not buy with gold the old associations.”

To him old associations were not of particular importance, and he never bought anything with gold—or currency, even—which he could purchase on credit, and having no house, he filled it not with paintings either rare or otherwise, or sculptures rich or poor. In short, he was a roll-

ing stone who gathered no Morse, except what was transmitted to him, but he gathered that with an ease and grace which has never been surpassed and seldom equaled. The captain not only drifted from the "rock-bound coasts of Maine to the golden sands of the Pacific" about once a year, but he also drifted to and fro from the service of the American Telegraph Company to that of railroad companies, and was never happier than when on the eve of transferring his valuable services from one corporation to another. Sometimes, I regret to say, his period of service was abruptly terminated by his employers without the formality of consulting his wishes, and he was left without visible means of support for an indefinite length of time. It was during one of these dreary intervals—which were by no means infrequent in his history—that he accosted a knot of telegraphers on Broadway one evening and asked for a loan—a small one. He said that it was likely to be a permanent if not a paying investment, and a purse of nine cents was finally made up for his benefit. "Now, if I pay my fare to Fiftieth Street, that will only leave me four cents for a beer," said De Costa, reflectively.

"I'll go get the beer first and trust to luck to get up-town on the other four cents. Thanks, gentlemen; 'I owe you one,' as Dr. Ollapod would say. As a matter of fact, my beloved brethren, I owe you several. Good-night." His friends watched him for a moment as he tripped gayly up the street, until he suddenly disappeared in the vicinity of a pair of posts surmounted with red lamps, having "oysters" painted on them. Men much exhilarated, loud of voice, and inclined to burst into discordant song often came out between those lamp-posts—an argument undoubtedly against the consumption of oysters. Later the captain came out and made his way as dignified as usual to a neighboring car-stand. He took up a position on the front platform of the car, and before it started had invented a story which he thought would get him up to Fiftieth Street, where he had relatives, for four cents. But he had no occasion to tell it. For some unexplained reason the conductor didn't disturb him, and at Fiftieth Street De Costa left the car as light-hearted as a bird. "I'll have to celebrate that piece of good fortune," he said. "But I can't beer up on four cents." He

walked down the street, however, toward a lager beer garden. He must have been studying as he went, for as he approached the bar he blandly remarked to the man of juleps, smashes, etc.: "Balmy evening, Jack; rather late home tonight for a pious citizen. Must correct my habits in deference to my early teachings, and return home earlier. By the way, my friend, would you do me the great kindness to lend me a cent?" Cap was an entire stranger to the bartender, but the request was so pleasantly made, the style of the applicant so breezy, and the loan asked so small, that the fellow, though puzzled, was very glad to accommodate. "If you mean it, certainly, sir," said he. "Mean it?" repeated Cap. "Do I look like a man who would jest?" The penny was handed over without further ceremony, and the captain, fishing his four cents out of his pocket, surmounted them with the borrowed one, pushed the column forward, and said, briskly: "Jack, give me a beer."

While he leisurely drank it the bar-tender watched him narrowly, and as De Costa set the glass down the former dropped into the till the five cents which he had meantime held mechan-

ically in his hand, and ejaculated: "Well, Sandy, that is pretty good, too. Have one with me." And he had one. It must have been three months after this that De Costa made his reappearance as a member of the regular night force at No. 145 Broadway. He had been receiving from some rapid sender in Washington all the evening, and about ten o'clock a number of the operators gathered about him and were admiring his beautiful copy. One of them, who had been timing the sending, finally said: "Good work; forty-three words a minute for the last five minutes." At this the captain opened his key for the first time that night, and feelingly said: "There is no merit in being a good telegrapher. It is born in some men, just as poetry is, or sweetness in a woman. But I'll tell you what *does* require brains—to get three beers and a ride home on a street car for nine cents. *I* did that, fellow circuit-busters," and then he told us how, as herein related.

OLD GEORGE WENTWORTH.



OLD GEORGE WENTWORTH.

IN the year of our Lord 1867, there came to work in the Western Union Telegraph Office, at No. 145 Broadway, a thin, prematurely old and gray young man of not more than twenty-six years. No one seemed to know anything about him, and he soon dropped into our ranks, and came and went, day after day, without eliciting much interest on the part of those around him. He was very quiet, and seldom spoke unless addressed, but then in a low and sweetly musical voice. That he was intelligent and well educated everybody conceded; but he manifested no disposition to mix with the general throng, and thus it happened that the general throng, without thinking much about it, came to speak of him with more respect than the appellation given him — “Old George Wentworth” — would imply, and left him pretty much to himself. He sat right across the aisle from me, and I often

studied his sad though pleasant face, and ere long put his name down in my mind with those of some other men I had met, and whom I may briefly describe by stating that they were men with histories. Yes, I was moderately sure that George Wentworth had a history, and I longed to know what it was, and give him my young and boyish friendship with my whole heart. But months passed, and we knew no more of our associate than we did when he came, except that he was a magnificent operator, and that he was as sweet as a day in June, though as sad, as I have indicated, as the melancholy and sighing days of the later autumn. His voice and manner always reminded me of the falling of the hectic October leaves, the surging of the autumn wind through leafless branches. But the glorious sunbeams were always resting on his head, making sweet and lovable his life and character.

One night we had a severe sleet storm, and hardly a wire was left intact in any direction. The full force had been ordered on duty. They waited for the lines to come "O. K.," and sat about in little knots, telling stories and speculating on the chances of being kept on duty until

morning. For a time I formed one of the little company, but not being particularly interested in the subject of discussion, and seeing George Wentworth sitting alone, I approached him. After a short exchange of commouplaces, I asked, abruptly:

"Are you a married man, Mr. Wentworth?"

The reply came slowly: "No."

If that little monosyllable had been kept on ice for a century it could not have been colder. I saw that I had been imprudent—that I had awkwardly touched a chord in the man's heart that was sacred. I was very sorry, and being very young and inexperienced in hiding my emotions, I made a failure of it. The tears came into my eyes, my lip trembled, and I felt wretched. He saw the state of things at a glance, and said, kindly:

"I beg your pardon, Tom. I didn't mean to be rude; but I had just been thinking of events scarcely six years old, but such bitter, hopeless memories that it seems as if I had lived a thousand years since the page on which they are written was turned down in the book of Fate—turned down forever."

He paused, and I said nothing. "I have

never spoken of these things," he continued, "but I think I was something like you at twenty. How sadly I have changed since then!"

He stopped again, and then continued: "I don't mind telling you my story, if you would care to hear it." And as I eagerly answered: "Do tell me," he resumed: "It is a sad story, my little friend; it concerns a woman. Some say hearts do not break; others, that women's hearts do sometimes, but that a man's is tough, and can bear disaster to the affections without material injury. Maybe it is true, generally speaking; but there are exceptions—the exceptions, I suppose," he said, musingly, "that philosophers would tell you prove the rule. You see me to-day old and prematurely gray. I have never been a dissipated man. I inherited a fine constitution from my father. I have lived regularly, and have never suffered from disease, but I am as you see me, nevertheless. Do you ask me if I am heart-broken? I can not say that; but I have mourned over dead and buried hopes for five years, and God's beautiful world will never look so fair and sweet again to me as at the hour when I close my eyes upon it forever."

He moved slightly in his chair, and said, as if studying on the matter: "It looks like a case of broken heart, doesn't it?"

Then he was silent for several minutes; but when he spoke again his voice had changed, and he proceeded more cheerfully than I had ever heard him speak before:

"Six years ago last August I was employed in an Eastern city. I worked the New York wire, and one day while I was sending, an office-boy came up, and said: 'Mr. Wentworth, there's a lady outside as wants to see yer.' I cleared my hook, asked New York to wait a second, and went out into the vestibule of the office. A vision of loveliness, such as I had never seen until then, stood before me. She was an entire stranger to me; but we were soon chatting gayly, nevertheless, for she had said in the meantime: 'I am Helen Banks, from Saybrook, and as I was passing through here on my way to Rockville, where I am to take the office, I thought it not improper that I should call and renew, in *propria persona*, the acquaintance we had formed by wire.'

"I have burdened you by inference with one

exploded theory, so don't mind another," he continued. "I fell in love at first sight. She was a lovely creature, small of stature, bright, intelligent, modest, enchanting, and she appeared to me as suddenly and unexpectedly as Diana appeared to Endymion. How readily I accepted Endymion's rôle, and with what alacrity I awoke from my sleep of every-day life to a new life of love and bliss, I need not tell you. She stayed only a few minutes, and at parting she said, gayly:

" 'I expect to be intensely lonesome down at Rockville, and that my only recreation will be that derived from listening to the birds and to your musical sending. Think of me sometimes, and when the wire is idle say a word to poor me, won't you?' she went on, half jocosely, half in earnest. 'And,' she concluded, 'when you are too busy to bid a body good-day, please imagine that

" 'Pretty and pale and tired
She sits in her stiff-backed chair,
While the blazing summer sun
Shines on her soft brown hair,'"

and all the rest of it. Good-bye!" and she was gone.

"How dark and dismal the old office looked as I resumed my duties! The sunbeams which, in my imagination, nestled in her hair and played around the dimples in her cheeks, lending a new and genial luster to the office, and blessing every nook and corner in the dim old room like a visible benediction, went out with her. I was very thoughtful and preoccupied that afternoon, and felt that I could afford to smile at my companions, who sought to tease me by asking if that was the young lady who inquired over the wire so often if Mr. Wentworth was in. Well, time passed on, and what with chatting on the wire, and corresponding by mail, we finally reached the period in our acquaintance when I dared to offer myself in marriage. A letter was the medium of my proposal—I had not courage to make a personal appeal."

He paused, and drummed on the desk with his fingers for a little time, and then said:

"I waited patiently three days for an answer; but none came. Then I waited a week, a month, and then she resigned and went home. I dared not make any inquiry of her meantime, though I did write confidentially to the postmaster at Rock-

ville, and learned that he had himself delivered the letter into her hands. I saw how it was; she could not accept me, and was too kind to tell me so. I went into the army when the war broke out, but returned home on a furlough in 1863. I learned that Helen had married her cousin a few months before and had removed to Iowa. I was resolved to make the best of it and be a man. You see how well I have succeeded," he said, smiling sadly. "Just before my furlough was out I took up a copy of a morning paper published in the city where I had been formerly employed, and started on seeing my own name.

"At first I thought I had been accidentally included in a list of killed and wounded. I hastily turned the paper to read the heading, and my heart sunk within me. Through hot, blinding tears, which I could not stay, I read the sad, sad story that made me what I am. A post-office clerk had been arrested for robbing the mail; in his room were found unindorsed, and therefore useless, checks, 'and among other things,' the account said, 'personal letters to the following named addresses.' Then followed a list of a hundred or more names, among which was mine. I

took the first train to —, and applying at police head-quarters, obtained my letter. It was as I had feared; it was her letter accepting me as her husband. I crushed it in my hands, and crying: ‘Oh, God! too late, too late!’ fell swooning on the floor. A few weeks later I went back to my post in the army. My comrades said I was the bravest man they had ever seen. I rushed into the thickest of the fight, and feared nothing. I courted an honorable death; but bullets whistled by me, shells burst by my side, killing men by dozens. The fever broke out in our regiment, and fifty men died in one week, but I lived on. Promotion followed promotion, and at last, to please my mother, I resigned my commission, stayed at home a month, and finally promised to keep out of the army on condition that I should resume work at my old business wherever I could find it. Since then I have been in Canada, and finally drifted to New York to be nearer home. Now, Tom, let me tell you here that—”

“Mr. Wentworth, we have got one wire up to Washington; answer him for a *Sun* special, please,” called out Night Manager Marks from the switch; and the story was ended.

The thread thus broken was never taken up again, and by some indefinable understanding between us, I guarded Wentworth's secret as jealously as if it were I who had loved and lost, and henceforward neither of us mentioned it.

I left New York soon after this, and never saw George Wentworth again until I stood one August day, two years later, in a small Connecticut town, and looked down upon all that was mortal of him as he lay in his coffin. His sweet face was as natural as in life, and scarcely any paler. His mother stood by and reverently kissed his brow again and again, while the sturdy frame of his grand old father trembled like a reed shaken in the wind as he gazed fondly and tearfully upon the dead. There were not many particulars of his death to be obtained. It was obvious that no one excepting the old pastor knew of his love and the suffering he had undergone.

"He came home," said his mother, "about a month ago, looking no worse than usual, but he shortly began to fail perceptibly day by day. The doctor came and prescribed a change of air, but George said he would be better soon, and begged to remain quietly where he was. One

afternoon he walked out under the elms and lay down in the hammock. At six o'clock I went out and asked him to return to the house. He said: 'Not yet, mother. It is delightful here; the breeze refreshes me, and I feel perfectly easy and content. I will remain where I am—thank you—and watch the sun go down.' When the sun had set I went out again, but," she added, in a breaking, though sweetly musical voice like George's, "my boy had gone to rest with the sun, whose downward course he watched."

The minister came and preached the customary sermon, ranking the dead man with

"Men whose lives glide on like rivers that water the woodlands,
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven;"

the modest *cortége* moved away, and George Wentworth was laid to rest in a solitary grave beneath the murmuring pines on a neighboring hill-side. That was done at his request, made to the old preacher, whom he also acquainted with his story when he felt that the end was near. Not being a relative, I did not go to the grave, and as I prepared to leave the house I met a

sweet, sad-faced woman, whom I had noticed when she approached and gazed long and tenderly upon the form of my departed friend, and then retired to a remote corner of the room weeping painfully. Some one said she was a stranger, others that she was some woman living in the village, and still others said that she was a relative. But I knew she was not the latter, else she would have been provided with a carriage. We left the house together, and as we walked down the neat gravel path, I said:

“This is a very pretty village. Do you live here?”

“No, sir,” she replied; “I live many, many miles from here. Mr. Wentworth was an old friend of mine, and my husband insisted that I should come to his funeral.”

“You live in Iowa, perhaps,” said I, gently. Our eyes met for a moment, and we understood each other.

“You are married, I believe—happily so, I trust?” I ventured, after a moment.

“My husband is very kind,” she replied. “I am quite content, thank you. We have two children.”

"I suppose you know the whole story," I added, after a pause—"the stolen letter, his suffering, and his unaltered love?"

"Yes, sir; I know it all now," she said, weeping. "The good parson who preached the funeral sermon to-day wrote me the sad story a few weeks ago. It was he, too, who telegraphed George's death, and influenced his parents, without disclosing his motive, to defer the funeral until now. I arrived only at noon to-day. Oh, sir," she continued, "I try to think it is all for the best. I pray to Heaven to help me to be true and good to my kind and affectionate husband, and to make me worthy of my pure and guileless little ones; but I sometimes fear that I have only a shattered heart left to love them with."

We shook hands and separated, probably forever. I went back to my telegraphing, and she back to Iowa, her husband and little ones, and her great sorrow. And that ends the story, unless I add an odd fancy of my own.

Sometimes, when the house is hushed and midnight draws near, I sit and smoke and dream. Watching the clouds as they curl upward from

my cigar, or peering through the smoke-rings I blow forth, I see hopes and joys that have passed me by, which, as they vanish in the haze, leave my cheeks wet. And as I sit and muse anon, my mind flits back to a quiet rustic village, and I hear the winds sighing softly through the pines above a solitary grave on a hill-side. Looking west, I see a sweet, sad-faced matron sitting beneath a cottage portico, and happy, gleeful children are about her. Then I listen to the pines again, and I fancy I hear them whisper:

“ Pretty and pale and tired
She sits in her stiff-backed chair,
While the blazing summer sun
Shines on her soft brown hair;”

and as I turn once more I see her yet again—
waiting, waiting, waiting.

PATSY FLANNAGAN.



PATSY FLANNAGAN.

IF we were to inquire closely into the matter of the success of great men, we should no doubt find that the chief secret of their triumphs was tireless patience. In Patsy's case patience has certainly accomplished marvels—miracles, I sometimes think. His ruddy face and big brogans attracted my attention one day, and on inquiry I learned that he was a new addition to the messenger force. As a brother messenger, a broad-faced urchin, expressed it, Patsy was “as Irish as Pat Murphy's pig.” Without being at all familiar with the probable, not to say the precise, degree of Celtic character obtaining in the nature of Mr. Murphy's porcine, I readily believed what I heard, for Patsy was one of the most thorough-going sons of Erin that I had ever seen. We found him a very faithful boy, with a tolerable turn for grumbling when his route was a long

one, while for a pure article of unadulterated profanity when harassed by his companions of the messengers' bench, he was without a peer. I once told him that he was born too late—that he would have been a valuable acquisition to “our army in Flanders,” but he merely regarded me with a stony look for a second, and went on reading the Beadle's Dime Novel from which I had momentarily diverted his attention.

Without having enjoyed unusual school facilities, and possessed of no decided tendency to study—now that he was free from pedagogical restraint and incentives—it soon transpired, nevertheless, that Patsy was not without aspirations. At the end of a year he had grown tremendously, and in reply to an inquiry as to what he intended to do when he was too big to carry messages, he said:

“I am next oldest boy on the messenger list, and when I am the oldest wan, and a clerk leaves, I am going to try for it.”

The idea of Patsy ever becoming a clerk was absurd, and his interrogator laughed and left the boy to his dreams. Patsy made no secret of his designs on a clerkship, and after awhile it became

a common thing for the operators to say that they would probably get their salaries raised when Patsy got his clerkship. Meantime, the months ran by, and Patsy was the oldest messenger at last. Finally the night clerk resigned to engage in other and, I trust, more lucrative business, and Patsy came to the front with a personal application for the position. Our manager told him—told him rather savagely—to go and sit down, and Patsy obeyed with an air such as the youthful Disraeli assumed, I fancy, when he roared back at his jeering colleagues in Parliament that memorable speech:

“I am not at all surprised at the reception I have experienced. I have begun several times many things, and I have often succeeded at last. I will sit down now, but the time will come when you will listen to me.”

In time the night clerkship was again vacant, and Patsy waited on the manager. Again he was rebuffed more decidedly than before, and again he took his seat not a whit discouraged. I recall him to mind as he was in those days—zealous, but righteously indignant whenever he was sent off on a long journey. He had a fashion of

puffing out his cheeks when things went wrong, and his face was a barometer, by which we all knew, as he came swinging across the operating-room, on his way from the delivery-desk to the rear exit, how matters fared with him. When the route was short he was as pleasant-visaged perhaps as Aminidab Sleek, but not more so. When it was medium, he began to swell about half-way down the room, and reserved his blessings on the head of the delivery-clerk until he reached the door; but when he had what the boys called "a swinjer," his appearance presaged apoplexy from the first, and he indulged, while yet in the operating-room, in observations which, like the single sentence of invective by Mr. Harte's Vulgar Little Boy, conveyed a reflection on the legitimacy of the offending clerk's birth, hinted a suspicion of his father's integrity, impugned the fair fame of his mother, and cast a doubt on the likelihood of his eventual salvation.

Time after time Patsy applied for a clerkship, and one day he was met with the inquiry from the manager:

"What can *you* do? You are irrepressible, Patsy; I am tired of sending you to your seat."

"I think, sur," returned Patsy, "that I can do as good as 'the Count,' " (the retiring clerk) "anyhow, and you never give me a chance at all to try. I only want a chance."

The upshot of this dialogue, which is unpar-donably abridged, was that Patsy succeeded "the Count." He appeared on the evening of his succession to the night clerkship in a white shirt and a collar—a new departure for him. "The ould woman," he explained, "put these things out, and said I must wear them." Patsy believed in his mother, and obeyed her, I remem-ber, much better than many youths who made greater pretensions than he did. He adhered to his hobnailed shoes for several months; but one day they gave place to "Oxford ties," a cravat followed, and so, little by little, the rough boy was transformed into quite a tidy young man. As I have said, Patsy had not enjoyed unusual educational advantages, and he was particularly uncertain in his geography; so when a message was tendered for Calais without the State being given, he failed to find that station in the tariff-book. Rather than ask the sender for the infor-mation, he came slyly over to me and inquired in

a hoarse whisper: “In flat State is Kay-lye-us?” I looked at the message in his hand, corrected him on his pronunciation, and replied that Calais was in Maine. Patsy learned two things that night—that Calais was not pronounced Kay-lye-us, and that it was in Maine. It was one of his peculiarities that he never forgot what he had once learned. He asked me many queer questions during subsequent years of pleasant business relations, but he was clear on Calais for all time, both as to its pronunciation and locality.

One evening a lady, much agitated, called to send a telegram, and Patsy was requested to write it. When I took the message from the hook to send it, I was struck by the phraseology and the conflicting circumstance that it was evidently from an American, it being signed “Mrs. Mason.” It read: “Your brother Jim lies at the point of death. Come quick, if you would see him living.”

“Who got up this remarkable message, Patsy?” I inquired.

“I did, sur,” he replied, blushing. He had come to know me pretty well, and had found that I was rather plain-spoken.

"It is horribly expressed for a Yankee's message," I continued—"regular Irish. We had better write it over."

Patsy intimated that he had never discovered any noticeable difference between an Irishman's message and an American's. He said he had done the best he could with it. He thought it would be understood by the recipients, and he supposed that was enough. I felt sorry that I had been rude, and replied that I had spoken hastily—that, as a matter of fact, as he well knew, no man had a higher opinion of the sturdy sons of Erin than I. I then went on to speak of what Goldsmith, Sheridan, Curran, Moore, and a host of others, had done for English literature, and essayed to give him some ideas about the faculty of expression, and endeavored to disabuse his mind of the notion that to make one's self understood was not necessarily the highest and most valuable use to which language could be put. He listened attentively, and subsequent events proved that my crude lecture on the art of writing gracefully was not lost on him. We indited a new message, reading thus: "Your brother James is dangerously ill. It will be

necessary for you to come immediately if you wish to see him alive."

Walking home together after "good-night," Patsy observed, after a long silence, that there was "wan thing about that improved stoile of writing messages that wasn't as good as an Irishman's way."

"No?" I replied. "And, pray, what is that?"

"That message I wrote," he answered, "had seventeen worruds. The tariff is forty and three. I tuck sixty-wan cents on it, and the way you fixed it over it made twenty-two worruds, and came to seventy-three cents. I am twelve cents short on it, and I'll have to borrow twelve cents of the ould man to square up my account with to morrow night."

It was a home thrust; but he made his point against me without a grain of malice, for he saw it not, and I did not enlighten him. But I went home thinking there were two sides to every story.

Time wore on, and Patsy became an excellent clerk; but his ambition grew apace, and one day he turned his attention to the Morse alphabet.

Oh, then began the terror to my soul! I stood it for about six months. But one evening, when I had listened to his sending for half an hour without catching the first sound that resembled a Morse character, I went over to him, and said:

"Patsy, I am afraid you will never make an operator. I have heard a great deal of your sending, and I have never yet been able to distinguish a letter, to say nothing of a whole word."

He looked aghast, and I continued:

"Operators are like poets—they are born, not made; and I am afraid you are the counterpart of the young man of whom our friend Jack Selden tells, who, after practicing a year, would make a series of dashes and a whirlwind of dots, and blandly inquire, 'How is that for an A ?'"

"I was timing myself, and sent half a column out of the *Journal* in an hour. I *thought* it was good Morse," he said, dolefully.

"I don't want to discourage you, Patsy," I returned. "Indeed, you know very well that a good many boys who are now fine operators learned the business under my tuition, but the fact is, you make no progress whatsoever. I hope

you will stick to clerking and leave this branch of the business to others who are better adapted to its requirements."

Patsy replied: "I suppose I'll have to begin all over again."

I saw that he was determined to succeed, and so advised him to begin at the beginning and proceed slowly. He thought some one ought to have corrected him. "When John was working for you wan night," Patsy went on, "he said I had a hand like a ham, but he didn't tell me I was all wrong. I've got to learn it anyhow," he concluded, as he lighted a black clay pipe and went out and turned down the gas in the customers' department.

"I suppose I'll have to begin all over again," was characteristic of Patsy Flannagan. In his modest lexicon there was no such word as fail, and I honored and helped him from that time out. The gods help those who help themselves, so, after all, I had but little to do. Patsy had much to overcome. He had learned to write a style of Morse that was as Greek to skilled operators, and his handwriting was unformed; but in two years after the dialogue given above,

Patsy was not only one of the finest senders I ever heard, but one of the most finished receivers as well. Not long since I heard that he had bought a newspaper and was the owner of fine horses and a yacht. In the quiet, well-mannered man of the world there is nothing left of the boy of twenty years ago—nothing but his determination, his courage, and his heart of gold.

NARCISSA.



NARCISSA.

NARCISSA's mother called on our manager one day to apply for a situation for her daughter. She explained that she came from Fôxboro, was a widow, and had visited Providence to dispose of some butter and cheese. She said Narcissa had been "practicing in the Isolated Company's office," and added that "Mr. Van Shoot says she doose fus' rate." Something in the old lady's homely though sincere manner enlisted our manager's interest, and knowing that vacancies on the Insulated Line, recently established by Mr. Van Choate, were few, owing to the limited number of offices, he told her mother that he thought perhaps Narcissa would do to succeed the retiring operator at Howgate.

"That will be clever," returned the mother. "I ain't never had no chance to go nowhere myself, and I want Nareissay to git some polish

onto her by going away from hum a spell.” So it was decided that Narcissa should come down next day, and if she passed a satisfactory examination, go up to Howgate at once. She dawned on us bright and early. I say dawned on us advisedly, for she was “as pretty as little red shoes,” and wherever she went likewise went sunshine. There were five of us in the American Company’s office, all young and single, and we were madly in love with her on sight. Oh! but she was pretty, and the little rogue seemed to be perfectly oblivious of it, too, which rendered her trebly bewitching. She was what the country people called bright, but she was by no means cultivated. While her speech ran less luxuriantly to negatives than her worthy mother’s, it was faulty, and it was disturbing to say the least, to hear her ejaculate: “You don’t say so,” or “Dew tell,” when we explained the *modus operandi* of transacting business in a large office. But whatever faults of culture were hers, she was a vision of delight viewed as a physical creation. Such bonny brown hair, with a tinge of sunshine in it; such a chin; such teeth, and such a plump figure! It would have been sheer blindness not

to have fallen in love with her. None of us suffered from impaired vision, and we became enamored with one accord. We read of damask cheeks in our maturer years, and instinctively think of the bloom of youth, lily-white, and pearl powder. We are apt, moreover, to revive that overworked joke of Sheridan's, and observe, cynically: "Yes, her color comes and goes—comes in the afternoon, and is gone in the morning." But no one who ever saw Narcissa but would believe in a damask skin.

"Her cheek was like a Catherine pear,
The side that's next the sun."

I am afraid as I grow older and more conscientious, that Narcissa was not an expert operator; but we made a report to the manager which secured her the Howgate office. He was not a Morse operator himself, and trusted us implicitly. I suppose that if by any chance she could have been retained at Providence, we should have agreed on a favorable verdict, whatever qualifications might have been requisite. To be sure, she made an "f" for a "w," and she was so prodigal with her dots that if the surplus ones had been counted and checked against her—as I

am told is now the practice on certain nameless lines—her salary would not have paid the tolls. But in our eyes those were but trifles in those glad years, and looking down into the pure depths of her violet eyes, I thought she was an angel, and I almost came to think that “g k n” was an improvement on “t n k u,” as she said it to Fred Ford, who had just told her from the switch that she sent like a man. He blushed a little as she naïvely inquired how long he had read by hound. I am not sure but she said by pound; but I abated *my* admiration not one iota.

That was a long time ago, little Narcissa. I wonder where you are to-day, and I wonder, too, if you are as happy and contented as you were once sweet and winning! “The years are swindlers,” says the singer; “they make us old before they make us good.” But I hope you are not old, even though the years *have* crumbled beneath us sadly since that radiant day of meeting. Perchance you are wafting lightnings somewhere in New England; but more likely you are married, and have merry, romping children plucking at your gown to share their mother’s smile. I trust that peace, prosperity and all good things

surround you wherever you may be, and if you are as pretty as of old, you must make happy even the placid mirror which reflects your sunny face.

Pardon the digression, my reader; but it is so natural to fall to musing that I could not help it. When you grow older, and your brown locks or tresses are streaked with silver, and younger men and women are doing the courting—at which you are now so clever—you will find yourself indulging in retrospect just as I do. Narcissa's *début* at Howgate was not marked by unusual brilliancy; but the distance from our city was short, and one of us was pretty sure to be with her during the better part of the day. Occasionally, to my regret, two of us were in attendance to do her work, and that was a state of things much to be deplored. Mornings and evenings, however, owing to the peculiarities of the railroad time-table, she was alone, and as she tumbled out our call and signed, the effect was demoralizing. The signal for Howgate was “Hw,” and Narcissa favored extremely long dashes. The “H” generally came staggering in with moderate safety, but her manner of adding the “W”

gave her call a weird, sad sound, suggestive of a clime where the thermometer would be inadequate. Sometimes, in a fit of generosity with her dots, she rendered it "pell." But our periods of depression were only transient; for on seeing her we straightway forgot her infirmities of skill, and sat and feasted our eyes on her surpassing beauty. Through one entire summer we vibrated between adoration of Narcissa and disenchantment, because of her peculiarities, telegraphic and otherwise.

Fred Ford, who was the oldest of us all, ceased his attentions one September day for personal reasons. He plumed himself on his accurate and finished sending. Visiting Narcissa in the afternoon, he found a message undelivered which he had sent in the morning. "This message was addressed to Miss H. A. Sherman, not as you have it—to Miss Hasherman," said Fred. "That was the way you sent it," said Narcissa, demurely. "Oh! I dare say," returned Fred, sarcastically. "Have you notified New York yet that you failed to find Miss Hasherman?" he inquired. "That would have disclosed the error. No, indeed," she replied, carelessly;

"the message is *paid*; I didn't fret myself about it." Fred was not entertaining in the interval to train-time, and Narcissa, I fear, pouted a little. Fred regretted his quick temper afterward, I think. Narcissa had probably been told on good authority that money was the objective point in the telegraph business, and the message being prepaid, she regarded it a small matter whether or not it was delivered. Fred used to say, sometimes, that he was going to make it up with her, but when the war broke out he went away suddenly, requesting me to tell Narcissa he sent her his love.

Ned Jones retired as an admirer along in October, after attempting thirty-seven times, one day, to get the signature "A. H. Okie" to a station on Narcissa's wire. She was anxious to obtain circuit, and to her, in common with a great many of her sex, "O. K." was the signal to claim it.

Poor Neddy! I think he loved Narcissa; but he was more fastidious than the rest of us, and he "died of a color in asthetic pain," figuratively speaking, and relinquished her. Narcissa's orthography was defective, a point on which

Billy Jackson was "more nice than wise," as she afterward expressed it. In a note to him she spoke of "fenses," the "new-mown gras," and invited him to "com down on Sundy and go gathering furns." Dear particular Jack! he couldn't stand it; and that Sabbath and many others have glided by without his giving his attention to the ferns at Howgate.

"It is no use, my boy," he said, gloomily; "she is a beauty and a darling, and I can endure her telegraphing and all that, but when she attempts to foist her phonetic system of spelling on me, I won't have it. I am not a believer in phonetics, and Narcissa is not for me. Woo her yourself, and win her. She may call you her 'dier;' but *you* are a philosopher, and don't strain at gnats, as you are fond of telling us."

Jack was a sad dog, and he went off laughing at me.

Thus out of the five only George Hunter and I remained stanch to the divinity at Howgate. We were sworn friends, and had been for years, but we quarreled about Narcissa at last. It was on a dull December day that we proceeded into the suburbs to fight it out. We compromised on



NARCISSA



talking it over, and when we parted we had promised not to visit or write to Narcissa for six months. At the end of that time we were to compare notes and determine upon our future action. Idly done. Before five months had passed Hunter had become engaged to his present wife, and I was assiduously besieging the heart of a lady operator, and she worked not at Howgate.

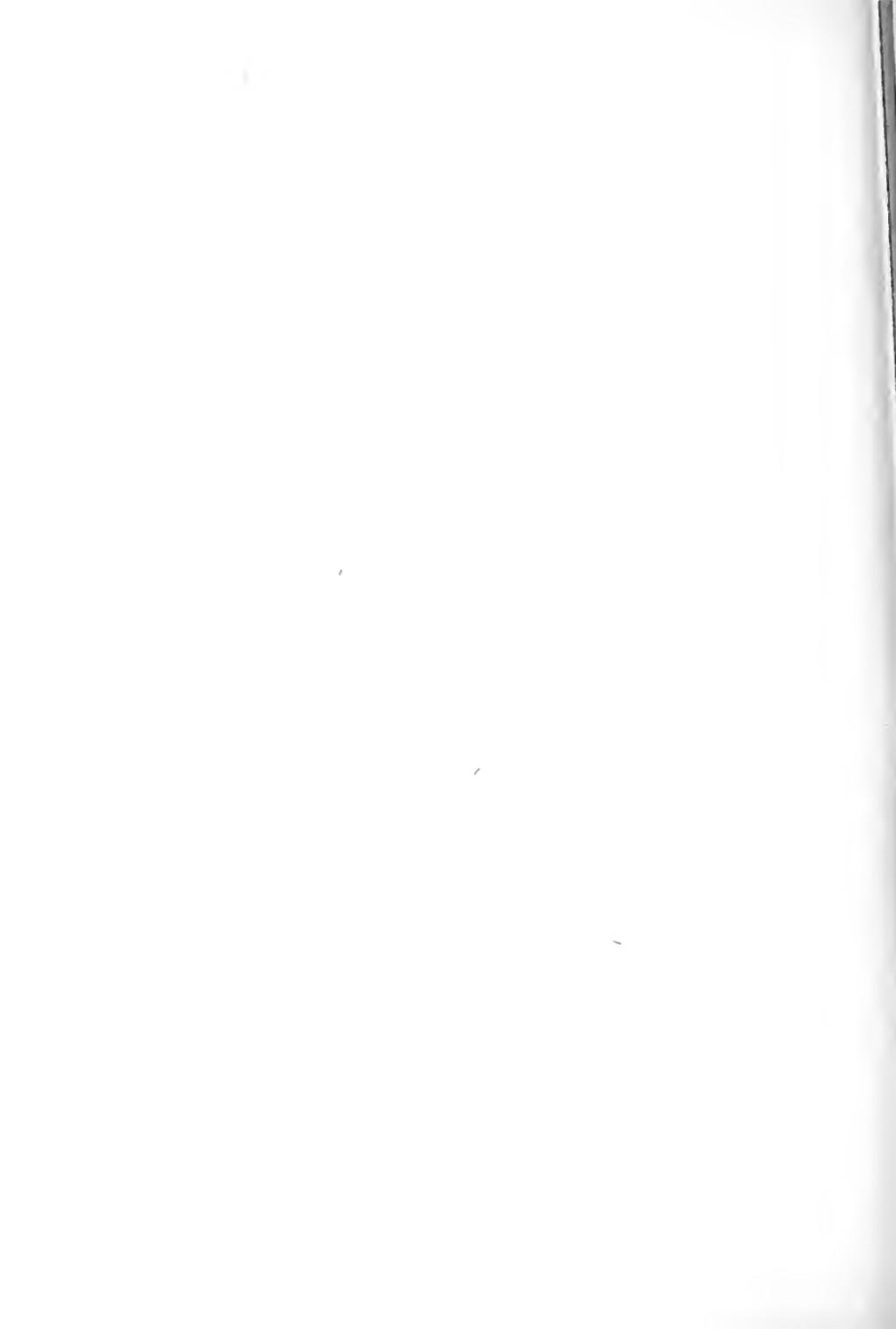
All of the old force deserted Providence within a year or two, and Narcissa was left behind us. But she long since left Howgate, and her successor was unable to tell me, as were also her old neighbors at Foxboro, when I inquired whither she had gone. There are four sober-going married men, however, who must always remember Narcissa as a vision of loveliness, and in whose foolish old hearts there are sometimes longings to view once more her lovely girlish face. Fred Ford is one of those of whom Mr. Aldrich says:

"The long years come, but they
Come not again."

He was killed at Antietam, and sleeps beneath the "unremembering grass" now waving where erstwhile the battle roared. We hoped once that he would return and marry Narcissa; but that is

past, and we can only invoke her image. We do that often, and her bright, piquant face illuminates and makes beautiful the rich and splendid past, until we become four very proud partners in a memory as sweet and witching as an evening breeze on which comes wafted the odor of mignonette.

AN AGREEABLE SAUNTERER.



AN AGREEABLE SAUNTERER.

JAMES DULIN, practical printer and cosmopolitan, was a type of a class. I speak of him in the past tense, because the scenes which knew him once know him no more; and it is almost certain that his wanderings are over, and in some quiet nook, lying between the Gulf Stream and the golden sands of the Pacific, his peaceful dust reposes. I trust that fate dealt kindly with him and closed his cheerful being in no unfavored spot, where the winter winds sweep mournfully above the dead. Rather let me indulge the sweet belief that he fell asleep in some genial clime, where the long grass growing above him is stirred only by kindly breezes, and where the flowers exhale their fragrance from June to June.

My acquaintance with Dulin began in Providence a few years after the close of the great civil conflict—probably in 1870. I was at the time

the hopeful editor of a struggling daily newspaper, which has since succumbed to the inevitable, after a praiseworthy but futile attempt to convince the Democracy of Rhode Island that it was worthy of encouragement and support. The portly and punctilious ship-news reporter, Mr. Tilley, complained to me one afternoon that the regular marine-news compositor was absent on one of his periodical enterprises, the objective point of which was to demonstrate, to his own satisfaction, that sorrow may be effectually buried by recourse to the flowing bowl. The complainant added that "something must be done," as the new incumbent was making the ship-news simply ridiculous by his mischievous blunders in reading copy. Mr. Tilley then proceeded to descant on the plainness of his manuscript, and appealed to me to corroborate his claim that his handwriting was as legible as reprint. I assented to the proposition, but with a colossal mental reservation, for Mr. Tilley usually wrote with a dull-pointed lead-pencil about half an inch in length, and his writing bore about the same relation to penmanship that the pot-hooks and trammels used by the short-hand reporters of old

bear to the modern and thoroughly perfected system of stenography. But feeling sorry for the genial and kindly soul who had come to me for sympathy, I volunteered to go upstairs and see if some improvement could not be had. This proposal was rather impatiently received, Mr. Tilley ejaculating sharply: "You can't do anything with him. He won't say anything but 'Kayreet.' I wrote yesterday that the schooner 'Jane Montgomery' had arrived with three hundred carboys for Chambers & Calder. It was printed three hundred cabbages. Everybody is laughing at me. It is shameful that, after forty years' experience as a marine reporter, I should fall into the clutches of an irresponsible tramp printer and be made to arrive cabbages for one of the largest drug houses in this section."

By this time the old gentleman was walking up and down the room, greatly excited.

"And when I went to him and remonstrated," cried Mr. Tilley, "what does the loafer do but wink at me! Yes, sir, he winked at me, and said: 'Don't distress yourself, uncle; no one ever reads the ship-news slop. Such skulch is printed, when used at all, to flatter the vanity of old

fossils like you who can't do anything else but spy out vessels' names through a glass. You don't seem to understand it; the publisher has no real need for you; he just lets you fool with the ship-news rather than hurt your feelings by putting you on a pension. If I were running this paper, I would have you put on the retired list as early as 1847.' Heavens and earth! I let into him after that speech," concluded the speaker, whose face now rivaled the hue of a well-boiled lobster.

"And he promised to be more careful in the future?" I inquired.

"Careful! Not he. He just winked at me again—a plague on his familiar winking—and said, 'Kayrect.'" With this Mr. Tilley seized his spy-glass and note-book, and passed out, slamming the door after him.

When I had once more demolished the pretensions of the Republican Party in a column article, and had produced accompanying paragraphs and political notes to fill the regular amount of space devoted to my use, I took my copy and climbed a pair of untidy stairs leading to the composing-room.

"Who is slug nine while Wilcox is absent?" I inquired, addressing collectively the dozen or fifteen men who had been throwing in their cases, and who were waiting for the copy which I held in my hand. A companionable-looking man of about thirty years, in broken boots, a frilled shirt, and a vest and pantaloons which proclaimed as distinctly as tongueless clothes could speak that they were originally intended to adorn a differently proportioned person than their present wearer, stepped forward, and said, pleasantly: "I am slug nine—James Dulin; I've got a working card, and I'm in good standing with the Union."

"In better standing with the Union than with Mr. Tilley, perhaps," I said, smiling. Dulin had taken the first page of manuscript and had gone to his case while I was speaking. I followed him.

"The fact is," he said, good-naturedly, and with an inoffensive degree of freedom which indicated that in his opinion, at least, there could not possibly be any lack of sympathy between gentlemen like him and me, "the fact is, the old party with the telescope and that stub-toed lead-

pencil doesn't turn out just the stuff for a stranger to tackle. I'm all right on 'straight matter,' like this truck of yours. If it were not good manuscript—which it is—I would still be all right. But old Carboy is a tough citizen as a quill-driver, I can tell you. He came up here when I was new and nervous, talking about those cabbages, and he wasn't very choice in his language. I wished to respect his age, and said nothing until he told me he was a 'comp.' That pricked my professional pride, and I lost my temper. Bless his crabbed old soul, he couldn't stick type in these days; and I told him so. I reckon he doesn't like me pretty well from what he said," Dulin added, thoughtfully, "but I can't help it. The old and the new do not assimilate, you know. He thinks I am too young for the responsible task of setting his matter; while in my judgment he should have been planted twenty years ago. He doesn't seem to see it; but, really, Methuselahs are not in fashion in this nineteenth century. It is too progressive an age to admit of our encouraging the veteran to any great extent. In fact, the veteran, as has been remarked before, is inclined to lag reluctant

on the stage without any special inducements.” After a very pleasant talk, in the course of which I cautioned Dulin against making any further errors in Mr. Tilley’s reports of the same absurd character as the one which had annoyed the old gentleman so greatly, I left the room. As I passed into the hall I heard Dulin ejaculate with a somewhat irrelevant prefix that he “couldn’t set type on an empty stomach.” One of the other compositors dropped his stick in astonishment, and replied:

“Why, I lent you some money to get breakfast with, didn’t I?”

“Yes,” said Dulin, as he went to the “galley” and emptied a stickful of matter before any of his companions had set half as much, “yes, you lent me money. It was very kind of you, too, Eben; but an empty ‘comp’ can’t spread himself on fifteen cents.”

“But it was half a dollar I gave you,” pursued Eben.

“Kayrect,” responded Dulin, “but I paid out thirty-five cents of it for getting my mustache painted.”

I then noticed for the first time, as Dulin re-

turned to his case and transferred the type to his stick with marvelous rapidity, that his mustache had indeed just received an application which gave it the appearance of a very inky tooth-brush. This exhibition of vulgar taste on Dulin's part hurt my feelings; but when the "proofs" came down to the editorial-room that night for correction, and never an error, typographical or otherwise, discovered itself under slug nine, I yielded him his full due of admiration, and went home well fortified in my belief that he was a real acquisition to the paper, and half convinced that if a man wished to dye his subnasal appendage and make himself ridiculous, it was nobody's business but his own.

Dulin made his reputation very rapidly, and at the end of a month, having made "large bills," he indulged his taste for fashionable attire by giving his order to the leading tailor for "a complete outfit," as he expressed it. A few weeks later he left town. Meeting him on the street and hearing his determination to take the train for New York that evening, I accompanied him to the station. As the train was about to start, he quietly observed:

"I heard what you said about it. It did sort of size my intellect; but, somehow, it never struck me that way before. If you ever see me again it will show up straw-color as nature made it. We learn mighty slowly, particularly in these matters of taste, old man; and I've never had so much of a chance as some men to—"

The train moved off, thus abbreviating his discourse as quoted above, and leaving me, blushing and embarrassed, to learn that anything I had said of his inclination to avail himself of the friendly offices of nitrate of silver had reached his ears.

The delicate health of *The Plantation Har- binger*—it was always in pecuniary distress—together with a longing to display my energy and journalistic blandishments in a wider field, ultimately persuaded me to seek my fortune in New York. I met Dulin occasionally in Printing House Square, and came to learn by degrees that the Dulin of my imagination and the real Dulin possessed remarkable points of difference. The discovery made me melancholy at first—it is very saddening to see our idols dashed before our very eyes. But there was no escape for me; and little

by little I learned Dulin's history and some of his ways, and became reconciled to the inevitable. It appeared that, notwithstanding he was an expert compositor and had performed splendid service on many occasions when the emergency of the moment demanded it, he very rarely soiled his fingers by bringing them in contact with prosaic type. I was told that he was a telegraph operator as well as a compositor, and that his crowning glory was one of the sweetest tenor voices to be heard this side of Italy. It transpired that he relied upon his telegraphic relations for the procurement of railroad passes from time to time, upon his skill as a printer to obtain what money was necessary to meet his pressing wants, and upon his ability to tell an amusing story or sing a song to advance his social interests. He was well groomed and characterized by an air of genteel prosperity. Having incidentally told me a month after my arrival that he was looking for a boarding-place, I invited him to share my own room and take his meals with me until he could make some better arrangement. He cordially adopted my suggestion, and made me a longer visit than I had expected he would. But he was

always cheerful and deferential, and his society was rather pleasant and desirable, although the discharge of my indebtedness, incurred on his account, added to my own expenses, made sad havoc with my slender income. He finally gathered his impedimenta together one morning, and simply saying: "*Au revoir*, if I shouldn't come back again," passed out of doors, softly whistling an air from "*Mignon*." That was the last I saw of him for two years. I renewed my acquaintance with him as he stepped out of a coupé in front of the Hoffman House one September morning. He insisted that I should breakfast with him. We talked upon every conceivable subject; and he casually mentioned, as we separated, that he had just returned from Havana, where he had been the guest of a wealthy New York merchant. I never saw him afterward, though for some years later I heard of him at intervals—sometimes in one locality and again in another—always well fed, fairly clothed, and invariably popular.

When Dulin told me he had been the guest of a generous host in Havana I was not surprised, for it was as the honored guest of somebody or

other that he generally figured. In his day he had tarried for indefinite periods beneath the hospitable roofs of reporters, city editors, publishers, telegraph superintendents, railroad magnates and their subordinates. He had an especial fondness for railroad and steamboat people; and in his latter days, when "passes" were difficult to get, he continued his travels just the same, depending upon his linguistic accomplishments to remove the obstacles to riding free which lie in the way of ordinary mortals. Once in a long time a newly appointed conductor would compel him to leave the train; but he boarded the next one that came along, and improved the time placed at his disposal by these enforced delays, by a tour of the town, if he happened to debark at a metropolis, or by going out into the fields and watching the flight of the birds, noting the methods of the husbandman, or listening to the hum of the bees, if it were his good fortune to be stranded at a way-station.

But in spite of his tendency to visit, Dulin rarely, if ever, wore his welcome entirely out. He seemed to know by intuition when the pleasure his presence gave was waning, and at the

proper moment he departed. Unless he had been invited elsewhere, he would repair to some democratic resort of entertainment where the admission and music were free and where the beverages were dispensed at nominal prices. Here, assuming an attitude of respectful attention, he would await with stoical patience the rosy opportunity which never failed to come. If he were disappointed on the first night, he would go again, and ultimately the hour arrived when the tenor of the occasion was indisposed or inebriated, and the cry would be raised: "We must have a song! Who can sing a song?" Rising modestly, Dulin would say in an unobtrusive way, that his voice was husky from long disuse; that the words of many of the songs he had once known had escaped his memory, but that, if it were agreeable, he would try and sing, "I Would I Were a Bird."

His vocal performances never failed to elicit invitations to eat and drink, and then, warmed by a moderate quantity of stimulant and re-enforced by a larger amount of digestible food than had surprised his inner man since his departure from the gates of his most recent entertainer, he would sing, "Come Where My Love Lies Dream-

ing," "Annie Laurie," and other ensnaring ballads. And he sung in tones so sympathetic, and with an art so utterly devoid of art, that he brought tears to his hearers' eyes, and invariably attracted to his side some impressionable fellow-being who, for the nonce, had forgotten the price of pork or of candles, and was giving his soul a holiday by seeking the scenes where beer and song held sway. These appreciative and unsophisticated sons of trade, who seldom visited the halls of jollity and wassail, and to whom men of Dulin's sort were as a revelation, were his natural victims. "You have a splendid voice, sir." "That was a touching song, young man," and similar observations were cues for which Dulin was ever watchful. He never took the initiative, but waited with a degree of reticence almost touching for overtures from those whom he had mentally selected as a means to his future aggrandizement. Winning in manner, deferential and responsive, he seldom failed to become the guest of whomsoever, entertaining the opinion that his voice was good, was indiscreet enough to mention it.

To an acquaintance who had taken a position

as station agent and telegraph operator on the Union Pacific Railroad, Dulin once wrote as follows:

"MY DEAR PROCTOR,—My luck has changed again; my star is dim, and I am going West. I am not in funds, but I hope to close the weary expanse lying between us in the course of the next twenty days. The itinerant telegraphers have of late been showing a preference for the turnpike, and they give somber accounts of the methods which the modern conductor is developing in the absence of transportation papers. But I fancy the conductor's heart is as green as ever, and has only taken on a veneering of brusqueness, so to speak, in pretended recognition of the prevailing tendency, on the part of his superior officers, to adopt a parsimonious and grinding policy toward the public, looking to an increased return for money invested and the augmentation of railroad power. In any event, I have no dreams of pedestrianic honors as an outcome of my contemplated pilgrimage toward the setting sun. Humanity is all of one clay—only the outward limbs and flourishes are variant. Once we

reach a man's core all is won; and the conductor is no exception to this universal rule. In my occasional ramblings from New York to the Pacific coast, and from Montreal to Galveston, the average conductor has proven to my satisfaction that he is a credit to humanity; and in thrusting myself upon his attention now, I trust, by tarrying over a train now and again at points where the attractions of the town or the beauty of the landscape merit the attention of an indolent tourist, to grasp your cordial hand about the seventh proximo. Across the yawning chasm of space which lies between us—two thousand three hundred miles, according to 'Rand McNally'—I send my greeting. I promise myself great pleasure during the week I hope to pass with you before leaving for the remoter West. God bless you, my boy, and if you ever pray, don't fail to remember in your devotion that I have undertaken a long journey and that a prayer or two may help to pull me through on time."

Fifteen days after the receipt of Dulin's letter, and somewhat to his friend's surprise, he stepped

gayly from a westward bound train at Bridger; and after making a ten-days' stop, he proceeded onward to Virginia City, to take up the long-dropped threads of an acquaintance with Dan De Quille, and test the quality of that gentleman's hospitality. During his stay at Bridger he feasted royally on canned oysters and other delicacies suited to his cultivated tastes. He was always entertaining, and his society was much sought. His bill amounted to thirty-eight dollars, but it was cheerfully paid by his entertainer, and while his departure was not regretted, his friend would not have hastened it by an hour if he could. Indeed, so nicely did Dulin balance everything that his arrivals and departures seemed to be in accordance with the eternal fitness of things; and no one ever seemed to regret anything which happened on his account.

I have been impelled to write this desultory paper by accidentally coming upon a bright bit of humorous writing by a Western philosopher, affecting the proposition which has so long gone unchallenged, viz.: "The world owes me a living." This writer says: "The world may owe you a living, son, if you can get it. But if you

are not spry, the world doesn't care much whether you get it or not. The world got along, son, very well before you came into it; and it will continue to whirl on its axis when you are gone." This is sound doctrine; it is a sensible every-day philosophy, which can be safely followed by ordinary travelers along life's great highway, and I subscribe to it unhesitatingly and with all my heart. But what, I wonder, would James Dulin have thought of it? What would those who belong to the class of which he was a type say to such simple teachings?

I can easily imagine the scorn with which Dulin would have regarded such an assumption. And when I remember his successful pursuit of what he conceived to be the highest order of happiness, I am inclined to doubt the truth of his own proposition, that "humanity is all of one clay." Perhaps, just as there are religious natures so peculiarly constructed as forms to despise, creeds to distrust, pretensions to deride, there are men possessed of mental organizations differing so radically from the general one that they work out their individual destinies by a violation of those moral laws and conceded prin-

ciples through an observance of which the majority attain happiness, prosperity and honor. Dulin achieved those ends, undoubtedly, by his own unorthodox means; for with him it was happiness to be a transient guest, prosperity to travel across the Continent without the formality of purchasing a ticket, and honor of the superbest quality to resemble the lilies which neither toil nor spin.



POP DONALDSON.



POP DONALDSON.

I SAW him last summer, working a third-class wire in the Boston office. In reply to my inquiry, the chief operator informed me that Donaldson had been given employment the day before. I met the old boy on the stairs later in the day, and he said in a weak voice: "Yes, I am back here again, what there is left of me. My drinking days are over, and *I* am about over, too." He certainly looked bad, and I said to myself: "If consumption hasn't marked you for its own, your appearance belies you." My gaze went wandering away from him as he said, sadly: "I can't telegraph very well any more. My hand shakes, and it is like sawing wood for me to work a wire—even a way wire." Then he left me and pursued his way upstairs to the operating-room. Old Pop Donaldson is not more than thirty-five years of age, but he has burned the

candle at both ends, and his nervous system is fatally wrecked. He has fallen into a decline of late years, and there remains for him nothing, I fear, but the bitter dregs of existence.

Away back in the sixties, when I was a mere lad endeavoring to master the mysteries of telegraphy, Donaldson was in his prime. He was regarded as one of the finest telegraphers in the country, and at the time I first knew him he had just completed his twenty-first year. I doubt if many young men who have their way to make in the world attain their majority under fairer auspices than he did. Intelligent, fine-looking, and the master of a profession which at that time was counted as one of the fine arts almost, he had, apparently, an enviable future before him. Indeed, if I had been told in those dear old days that I would eventually reach what seemed, in my boyish eyes, a pinnacle of glory—such as he occupied—I should have been more surprised and pleased than I could be now over any prospect of future prosperity short of a tight hold on Paradise.

Somebody has recently written a poem in which two tramps figure. One inquires on meet-

ing the other if there is no shade-tree near at hand, and the second replies: "Yes, a little further down the road." The writer elaborates this idea, and says we are all tramps, looking for a shade-tree. In his view, it is *always* further down the road, and but few of us ever reach it. The idea is well enough, but the view is too pessimistic to please me. I believe, on the contrary, that we are rather like children straying through a house in which there are many rooms of exquisite loveliness, each more beautiful than the preceding one. Outside of the mansion we think we would be content if we could gain the hall, but, once within, we stray on and on with thoughts intent upon the possibilities which lie beyond, and little heeding the increasing beauty of our surroundings since we left the threshold. It is better that we should sometimes consider the point from which we started. The experiment is consoling, at all events, and makes us philosophic and more contented with our social status. There are not many of us who have made the most of our opportunities who can not say with the Christian of old: "Oh, God! I have much to be thankful for."

Old Pop Donaldson has not so much to be thankful for as many, and that he has thrown away his opportunities is, to my mind, the chief reason therefor. In the court vernacular of Americans, we often have the solution of a problem in one word. We hear of men in our own and other professions who have extraordinary abilities, kindly natures, and many traits of character calculated to endear them to their acquaintances. We are told, moreover, that they are at present "down in the world," "utterly used up," etc., and when we inquire the cause, the answer comes with painful regularity in that dire monosyllable, "Drink." Old Pop Donaldson's failure in life is also susceptible of explanation by the mention of that short, sad word. I do not mean to preach a temperance sermon. In writing a sketch, however, of a man whom I have known and admired, and through whose kindly aid I was launched on a career which I hope I may be pardoned for considering a moderately useful one, it will be necessary to cite a few facts. These facts stand for themselves. If *they* preach anything, I can not help it.

How old memories come crowding upon me as

I recall a lovely Sunday in June, so far away that I instinctively look in the mirror to see "if the young boy is getting to be an old boy," and if "the hair is growing thin on the old boy's head." I was early at the office that morning, and was copying, with the idea of becoming an operator, the Morse alphabet from Shaffner's manual. So engrossed was I with my work, and the difficulty I experienced in fixing my chubby fingers around a pen so as to come within speaking distance of making the characters conform to those in Shaffner, that I did not notice that some one had entered. As I was desperately struggling with the letter "J," and inwardly bewailing my lack of expertness with the pen, a voice, which startled me at first, but which I recognized at once as Donaldson's, said: "Hop down off that stool, sonny, and I'll make you the alphabet." I quickly surrendered the task to the more experienced fingers of the new-comer, who had been looking over my shoulder, and took my place on the messengers' bench. Presently Donaldson handed me a blank, on which the alphabet, numerals, and the punctuation points were given, and below them he had written, in his own

beautifully flowing chirography: "James Brady gave me his pretty black walnut box of quite small size." I bashfully expressed my thanks, but my heart was quite full enough of gratitude to have warranted something better than I said, had I been able to give utterance to my thoughts. After answering a call and taking several messages, Donaldson started me out, saying as I went to deliver them: "You can practice on that sentence when you have learned to make the letters. It contains all the characters in the alphabet." I have given that little story about Brady and the small black walnut box to many aspiring youngsters since then. I wonder if any of them ever prized it as highly as I did when it first became a part of my small stock of knowledge, and I wonder, too, if among the small band of youths—some of whom became operators, while others failed in that to succeed afterward in other things—there is one who ever looked upon me as a half-human, half-divine personage, such as I regarded Donaldson. Probably not. But if there be one, I am a much honored man, for nothing I can feel for a human being will ever excel my enthusiasm for my old telegraphic

hero. Even though I have seen him often of late years under circumstances which, for the moment, bereft him of all his old-time glory, still I go on remembering him bright, dashing, and handsome, and am thankful that I can. Old Pop Donaldson is the stern reality to nearly all who know him now; but to me he is an abstraction merely—a reality which goes out of my mind, giving place to my hero of yore the moment he leaves my presence.

Before he had gone far on his downward course I had become an operator, and worked by his side. I remember that in one of his exalted moods he took the color out of my existence for a month or more by a casual observation which I can never forget. Like many young operators, I fancied, long before I had perfected myself in my business, that I had solved the problem. I spoke in his presence to that effect one day, and he said, with that charming bluntness which is sometimes the result of an indulgence in stimulants:

“ You will *make* a decent operator, but you are, of course, a frightful stick *now*. ” It cut me like a knife; but I needed a lesson. Years after-

ward, when I had progressed as far in the telegraphic art as nature intended I should ever go, I looked back on those earlier years and felt that Donaldson was right. I had finally been taught the bitter lesson which the great Newton confessed to have learned, and felt that the little knowledge we acquire is valuable chiefly as teaching us the density of our ignorance.

Donaldson's character had a humorous vein in it withal. His ability as a "receiver" was the talk and wonder of the whole section in which he lived and wrought. He never broke; his work was accurate, and his penmanship marvelous. One day an operator who copied press on the same wire visited us, and asked George how he managed to receive report day after day without ever breaking. Pointing to a Homeric contrivance, consisting of two sounders placed on a shelf several feet away, and which did duty as a repeater for a station situated off the main line, Donaldson replied, dryly: "I do sometimes lose a word; but I have to watch that thing for breaks, and I usually catch the truant word before it wiggles through there."

The time came when he could no longer hold

the responsible position of night-report operator, and he went West. From that time out until recently he has returned to me at intervals varying from six months to two years. He plays the rôle of the "Friend of my Youth." He has invariably appeared without warning, and uniformly in a state of impecuniosity. Sometimes he hailed from a New England town, where he had secured a month's "subbing;" again he came from some obscure village on a branch of the Erie Railroad, where he had been buried a year or two; anon he spoke of having just returned from Wyoming Territory, or of having last worked in Texas. But his appearance, from whatever direction he came, always carried me back to the haleyon days of my youth, and invoked a vision of a brisk young man stepping out of his way to perform a kindly service for a round-faced country boy come to the city to seek his fortune. That picture will always last. His wants have generally been modest, and I need scarcely add that his claims on me have never failed of recognition. If, in opening my purse, I have sometimes opened my lips and besought him to be a man, it is but common justice to him to say

that he has invariably promised to mend his ways. But he has steadily gone down-hill, and has well-nigh reached the bottom. I know better than scarcely any other man *can* know how hard he has tried to retrace the steps, taken under social pressure years ago, which have led to his decadence, physical and intellectual. He has struggled against a cruel fate, and has failed. It was with sincere sorrow that I saw him in Boston, pale, weak, and emaciated. I judge that the old enemy is conquered at last; but it is too late. A more merciless enemy, one on whom we may exhaust strength or will in vain, is obviously preying upon his shattered frame.

Some day we shall read of his death, and the casual acquaintance will say: "Drank himself into consumption. Poor fellow! he deserved a better end," and will think no more about him. But when the writer reads that announcement he will feel sad and grieved for many a day; for Donaldson was once kind to a boy whose catalogue of friends was limited enough then, and to whose eyes the tears will start unbidden when recurring Junes remind him that above the friend

of his youth a mound rises on which the daisies bloom and the grass waves sadly in the summer air.



B I F .



H.OPPENHEIMER CUT RATE TICKETS.



"GOOD-BYE, JIM; I AM OFF FOR OMAHA!"

BIF.

I SHALL never forget our first meeting. It occurred several years ago on the occasion of my returning to No. 145 Broadway for the ever-so-manieth time. He attracted my attention the first night I worked in the office, and when I had cleared my hooks, I went over and stood near where he was sitting—at the Chicago duplex. He was an *outré* figure at that time. The month was December, and the weather was very chilly, not to say frigid, but my hero was still glorious in a very light-colored pair of pantaloons, which, worn without suspenders, ceased their endeavors to reach his vest considerably below the proper meeting-place. Between his vest and pantaloons his shirt protruded like a balloon stay-sail of some clipper yacht. I saw all this as I approached from behind; but it was not until I

walked around and faced him that I noticed he wore his vest open, thereby displaying, unintentionally I doubt not, one of the most immaculate shirts I had ever seen. His natty piccadilly collar, too, kept in its place by a cravat as blue as an Italian sky, was as spotless and as bravely ironed and glossed as the plaited bosom below. All this was surmounted by a rather large head covered with light-brown hair; the face was smoothly shaven, the eyes bright and clear, the nose a little *retroussé*, and the mouth frank and suggestive of unusual individuality. Most of the men in the office were strangers, and I addressed one at random, who was working the Cincinnati wire, asking who the attractive-looking little fellow was who was working the Chicago duplex.

"Why, don't you know him? That's little old Cookie. We call him Bif for short."

My informant went on receiving, and I walked thoughtfully back to the Chicago desk and spoke with another operator who was working the sending side, watching Bif meantime over the top of the table. As I stood listening to the other's sending, there came an interruption on his side so sharp and ringing that I involan-

tarily stepped back. The operator laughed, and said:

"The old box won't stay balanced to-night, and worries the old man. Did you get that?"

"I got nothing," I replied.

"Lay for him next time. That is bk-bk-bk. He can say it thirty-five times in three seconds;" and as he began sending again the thing went out of adjustment, and I stooped down and listened to a song of bk-bk-bk so pert and nervous and quick and clear that I was astounded. Then followed some observation in an ordinary gait, very little of which was intelligible to me. It was a story of "cases," "centuries," "savy," "tumble," "snide," etc., with an allusion to "'Meli-can man," followed by the admonition, "don't give it a wee."

As all this was jingling merrily under my nose, my eyes rested in comfort on the face which surmounted that immaculate shirt and the tie like the Aegean Sea. While I stood staring, the hand which was making the music stopped, and, looking me full in the eye, Bif closed one beaming optic and accomplished a wink so familiar, so full of comical suggestiveness and a hundred

other indefinable qualities, that he enslaved me then and there, and made me his friend forever.

Who shall define the subtle potency of a wink? You may meet your next-door neighbor three mornings in a week and do the customary "good-morning," but you and he are very unlikely to build up a friendship. You may be journeying by train from New York to San Francisco, or by steamer to Liverpool, and on your way make many charming acquaintances. Arriving at your destination, addresses will be exchanged, and solemn promises made that future meetings shall be frequent. But those acquaintances are seldom, if ever, renewed. Let loose in the busy world again, you conclude that, after all, old friends are best, and your new ones are gradually ignored and finally forgotten. The barriers of formality are objectionable qualities in social ethics, and it is to those with whom we stand face to face, shorn of all shams and false pretenses, that our hearts cleave with growing faith and fondness. The process of friend-making is a dull one, and as we grow older we cultivate new acquaintances under an increasing protest. But the man who, under sympathetic conditions, eclipses

his left orb of sight, vaults high above all forms and empty ceremonies, and somehow takes a short cut, as it were, to the seat of our affections. But do not understand me as being an advocate of winking by the indiscriminate multitude. Not at all. Sometimes I am annoyed by hearing in conversation, or meeting in print, the assertion, "The pen is mightier than the sword." It is not, and Bulwer would never have put forth such an assertion without the qualifying clause, "beneath the rule of men entirely great." So with the wink, when in the eye of one entirely great; never in the eye of common folk like you and me.

I passed around the desk and sat down in the window-seat by Bif's side, and we soon found ourselves talking familiarly. He did not ask my name, and manifested no curiosity about my history or antecedents. For convenience' sake he called me Jim. He had a fashion of calling everybody Jim. When I was off duty that night I waited until he was relieved, and we passed out of the office, up Broadway, and took an early morning luncheon together. Over a pan of steaming oysters and a subsequent cigar we got

on bravely until the night had pretty effectually waned. Bif had recently come to New York from New Orleans, and he spoke of his experiences in that city and in Texas. His career in the latter section had been thrilling, and his original and agreeable way of relating his adventures delighted me beyond my power to describe. The varying expressions of his face, his habit of enforcing points in the narrative by a movement of his eyebrows, and his fluency of speech and originality of illustration, afforded me an entertainment and a study which was new, bewitching, winning. Before the night was done I began to see how he had earned his reputation for narrative. He spoke of everything with a perfection of detail, very briefly stated, which made the object of which he spoke stand out as defined and striking as if chiseled in marble. From a casual allusion to Galveston I learned that it was the principal seaport town in the State, that it was situated on Galveston Island, between Galveston Bay and the Gulf of Mexico, that it had a population of 13,818; and I received, in brief, a very accurate idea of its railroad and steamship facilities, its direct trade with

Great Britain, its coffee trade with Rio Janeiro, and its commercial relations with the West Indies and Mexico. I also learned that its export of cotton for 1872 had been 333,502 bales, that the city had fifteen churches, thirty-one schools, a Roman Catholic university, a medical school, two daily and four weekly newspapers, and a great deal more that I have now forgotten. Even in referring to the benighted and almost unknown town of Groesbeck, where he had witnessed a riot and narrowly escaped being shot, he oozed out the information that Groesbeck was a post town in Limestone County, on the Houston and Texas Central Railroad, and that it published a weekly paper.

When I had known him about a year, he said to me one day: "Jim, I've got the United States and England down pretty fine now. Can't you scare me up among your big collection of novels something in the way of foreign travels? I want to take in some of this way-off business—Shanghai, Hong Kong, Canton, Singapore, Penang, Calcutta, Bombay, Cairo, Constantinople, Nineveh, Damascus, Naples, and all that business." I served him next day, when he called at my

house, with a copy of Dr. Prime's "Around the World," a piece of descriptive writing which had lain uncut on my book-shelves for months, and which I would be about as likely to read as Bif would have been to read "*Her Dearest Foe*," or any other modern novel. As you have learned, Bif is a man of facts and figures, who recognizes the ideal and imaginative to a certain extent, but who always subordinates them to the actual and realistic. Dr. Prime's book proved a perfect mine to my little friend, and its perusal was the cause of our forming a partnership and buying a membership in the Mercantile Library. Afterward, on visiting his quarters in Waverley Place, I never found less than two books on India, Siberia, Africa, Japan, or China lying about the room. I sometimes dropped in, hoping to find some readable story, but always withdrew unsatisfied. "*The Land of the White Elephant*," and volumes bearing kindred captions, invariably composed his stock.

About a year ago I learned from a mutual friend that Bif had exhausted the Eastern literature of the Mercantile Library—one of the largest in the world—and had taken up the

heavenly bodies. And I very shortly afterward found this to be true. Walking up Broadway one evening, I called his attention to a shooting star. This paved the way to a very interesting discourse from him, of which the following is a sample:

“Shakespeare struck it very hard when he put it into Hamlet’s head to tell Horatio that there were more things in heaven and earth than were dreamed of in his philosophy. There are, Jim, you bet your life. Why, do you know there are more than fifty million stars, scattered in irregular aggregations, forming the Milky Way up there? Our sun is simply one of those fifty million stars, without, so far as astronomers know, any mark to distinguish him from his fellows. He is probably a snide, on the whole, and if removed to one million times his present distance—which is the probable distance of the stars of the first magnitude—he would shine as only a star of the third or fourth degree. According to my reading, this system of ours that folks blow about so much and talk about as if the sun and moon were unusual things, may be one of fifty or a hundred millions a great deal like it.”
6

On reaching his room, where I found an agreeable company assembled, I discovered that his recent examination into celestial affairs had not weakened Bif's hold on his knowledge of mundane things. He was out of our conversation, and was reading "*Johnson On Nebulæ*," when one of us rashly stated that England was probably the most thickly settled country in the world.

"Stop her, Jinn," broke in Bif; "you are way off. England only has a population of 389 to the square mile. She's second in the world, but Belgium rakes the pot. She can whoop up 451 to the square mile."

One pay-day night, when we had all been off bathing our souls in lemonade and other liquid things, I ran across Bif at the Jeffersonian Billiard Hall. He was through playing, and was holding forth on the relative size of the earth, the moon, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune, and their respective appearances. His eyes indicated his need of rest, but his ideas were clear and his talk entertaining. It was about 2 A. M., and as we lived near each other, we finally boarded a Third Avenue car for home. Before we had gone many blocks Bif fell asleep, but as we neared Eighth

Street, I awoke him. He had something rolled up in his hand, which I fancied was an astronomical chart, but the sequel proved that, in the midst of his studies of the heavenly bodies, his heart was still true to the lands beyond the seas.

"What is that you've got there?" I asked.

"Jim," he replied, "I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for that. Fearful reduction in fares. Look here;" and deliberately opening the paper, he fixed his index finger on a particular line, and said: "Melbourne, Australia, two hundred and fifty-six cases." It was a time-table and schedule of fares issued by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and he sometimes spoke of dollars as "cases."

"It is a great pity," I said, "that some of those rich duffers, who don't care a straw for foreign lands, don't let you go abroad in their place. How you would enjoy it!"

He was preparing to leave the car, and in reply stooped down, and taking my hand, with a merry twinkle in his eye, said: "Don't give it away, but I *am* going. Years hence, Jim, we will meet again and woo the Circassian slave at the junction of the Nile and Jigwater rivers." With

which observation he left me to continue my journey a few blocks further on, and made his cheerful way across town to Broadway.

* * * * *

“Good-bye, Jim,” cried a well-known voice; “I am off for Omaha.” I shouted back “Good-bye,” little dreaming that the speaker was in earnest. But I see by the personal column in the telegraphic papers that my old-time friend has really deserted the scenes which have known him these many moons, and has cast his lines on the other side of the Missouri. God bless his genial face and gentle heart, and may the maximum of warmth and gladness cheer and make bright his future life. For whatever of flaw or frailty mars his sunny nature, yet has he in him something beautiful which puts men’s hearts in tune.

THE END.

FROM FRANKLIN TO EDISON.



Written for delivery before the Ohio Associated Dailies, at Columbus, Wednesday, January 24, 1894.

FROM

FRANKLIN TO EDISON.

BY

WALTER P. PHILLIPS.

I HAVE not come here to-day, ladies and gentlemen, to tell you anything about the journalistic, literary or political history of Ohio. You are natives here and to the manner born, while I am perhaps the worst-equipped person in this room to speak of the essential essence of things as they exist in this State. To be sure, I am not so benighted as not to have heard of "the Ohio idea," but really I have never examined it closely, and to me it is an unknown quantity, something to be respected, and I respect it in the same way I do the Edict of Nantes, the Monroe doctrine and other factors affecting the progress and development of the world, and concerning which my knowledge is hazy and nebulous. I may say, however,

that I appreciate the rarity and value of an idea to a degree that brings me to regard it as a God-given thing, and it is of much more than ordinary consequence when it is coupled with the name of a State, the bare mention of which invokes a picture of fertile fields, of sun-flushed hills, and of streams, which, flowing through the woodlands, bring to mind that precious thought of Longfellow's, that such streams resemble good men in that, though darkened by shadows of earth, they reflect an image of Heaven—when that idea is placed in combination, let me add, with a name so certain to suggest to even the most ordinary intellect the dwelling-place of a people at once proud, progressive, philanthropical, potential. Therefore, while, as I have said, I have never quite comprehended the exact significance, never been able to analyze it, and to classify the atomic constituents of this much-mentioned thing, yet I am prepared to accept it as a whole and to subscribe to it as one of those important elements which exist in the realm of causation, and to express my firm faith in its importance among the influences which promote, elevate and conserve the political welfare of mankind.

When it comes to speaking of the making of newspapers, I feel that I am in the presence of those who are past masters in that art, and I am warned by an inward monitor that any fresh field or pasture new which lies outside the domain of active journalism is a much safer place for me to wander, than in those paths which have been trodden with such sturdiness and with so much honor by the editors of Ohio. Indeed, I have been out of the

harness as a legitimate newspaper man for nearly twenty years, and while I am intimately connected with those who are making our daily journals, and supply them with one of the commodities entering into the manufacture of their wares, I represent the telegraph rather than the newspaper, and it is of the former, and of some of the people who have been connected with it, together with a passing reference to the matter of composition, and of the men who have started from the printer's ease and become famous, that I shall speak.

Circumstances prevented me from being a farmer. The panic of 1857 was keenly felt in Worcester County, Massachusetts, where my father was following in the footsteps of his sire, and the time came when we gave up the old farm and went cityward. As a boy, I learned to telegraph, and as a young man, a few years later, when I had deserted telegraphy for country journalism, I learned with aching back and weary eyes the difficult art of typesetting, and gave to the community of Attleboro' certain articles composed at the case, and which, at that time, I regarded as editorials. They had chiefly to do with the course of an unsuspecting gentleman named Horace Greeley, who had offended me by accepting the endorsement of a Democratic Convention when we Liberal Republicans in Massachusetts supposed we had him to ourselves. But, alas! however liberal our principles may have been, we were not generous with our votes. I remember viewing all that was mortal of Mr. Greeley as his body lay in state in the City Hall in New York, and when I thought of this wonderful man—not only a journalist, but a statesman, a

philosopher, and perhaps a genius; when it flashed upon me that this was the end of a man whose vigor and virility impelled him, once, to write from Washington, telling a subordinate that if he couldn't stop all that twaddle in the "Tribune" about music and get a little of his own—Mr. Greeley's own—stuff into the paper, to go and burn down the Academy of Music and thus end all foolishness of that kind by applying a torch to the citadel—when I thought of this and of his courage in braving public opinion by going upon the bail bond of Jefferson Davis, and then beheld the shrunken form of this victim of disappointed political hopes, now cold in death, the tears sprung to my eyes, and the thought was lodged in my mind, for a moment, at least, that perhaps Wolsey was right when he said: "I charge thee, Cromwell, fling away ambition; by that sin fell the angels."

But without ambition there would be no progress. Ambition is the mainspring of action, and next to courage there is a no more noble human attribute. It is ambition, when accompanied by ability, that raises men from the common avocations of life to higher planes; and so it seems to me that the thought which came momentarily to my mind, as I stood by Mr. Greeley's coffin, that ambition was a thing to throw away at the illogical bidding of a cardinal dethroned, was an unworthy one.

There is a belief prevalent that great men can be made in colleges, but nothing could be more absurd. No one has a greater respect for a college education than I have, for it was denied to me, and we are apt to think the thing we missed is the best thing going. I have shown my

faith in the worth of college training by putting my only surviving son in Columbia College, and I think, if he lives and has his health, he will be heard from, for he has a well-balanced mind, a good heart, and he has formed commendable habits of industry. These are three great points in his favor. I must confess that some of my preconceived notions as to the relative consequence of certain Greek generals, the precise time of their campaigns, the results thereof, and especially my favorite manner of pronouncing the few Latin words and proper names with which I had familiarized myself from time to time, were rather ruthlessly set aside during our companionship covering my son's Freshman year. During the Sophomore period I was set right on many points in reference to what I conceived to be the advantages of a protective tariff, and heard of Adam Smith, anew, for the first time in a quarter of a century. Then came the Junior year and the utter destruction of certain convictions of mine affecting the geological condition on this mysterious sphere, and the chemical constituents of the sun and moon and stars. Fortunately, I long since divested myself of an opinion shared with me and still firmly entertained by as important a personage as the King of Siam, that the world is flat; and it having finally dawned on me that Cæsar was not a Patagonian, I am looking forward to this coming Senior year with a hopeful heart, for I feel moderately certain that I shall not disgrace myself further in the eyes of this coming statesman, orator, journalist, author, inventor, or what not. Such of the graduates from Columbia, Harvard, Yale and the numerous other

colleges as have ability are needed in journalism, and their presence there is most beneficial. Some of these men have, of course, proved failures, but that was because they had not in them the restless germ of success, or they perchance were incompetent when they entered college, and the scholastic varnish which adhered to them was so thin that it soon vanished. There are men, says Charles Dudley Warner, who think they can sing high C, but most of them soon find that they can not do it, and they go down and sing in the chorus for the remainder of their lives. Others, he adds, go on striving for high C as long as they live. That is very true, and it is truer still that many of them reach high C who were never expected to. Among these, the most notable are those who are graduated from the printer's case and the telegraph operator's table. Next to colleges, no two professions—and I may say they are twin professions, their natural alliance having been suggested long years ago when a printer wooed the electric spark from hurrying somber clouds and made it captive in a Leyden jar—there are no two professions which furnish the world with as large a number of useful citizens, capable of grasping and dealing with intricate, important and far-reaching enterprises, as those represented by the art of setting type and the knack of working wires.

When I read the well-rounded periods of William Dean Howells and observe the nicety with which he analyzes the female character, or peruse his descriptions of Italian life and landscapes—true poetry every word of it—I feel proud of the fact that he has covered in a few years the great distance lying between the position of one of America's most

famous living authors and that of a compositor in his father's newspaper office at Ashtabula. When I read the dramatic and delicious stories of that American author who can tell the story he has to tell better than any man living, outside of France—I refer to Francis Bret Harte—I picture him at his ease in a California newspaper office, mechanically placing the type in his stick, and like the girl with her pitcher at the well, who heard and not heard and let it overflow, I fancy his wandering thoughts are flying far away, "sailing the Vesuvian Bay." And then I think of the sturdy application and industry that is implied by such a development as his, and I honor him with renewed fervency. When I saw, in Washington, under President Garfield, the reeking corruption of the postal service probed to the bottom and a reform begun by General Thomas L. James, which has been bearing fruit ever since, under the supervision of his successors, I found great pleasure in knowing that the man who had accomplished this could do something that I had once been doing—that he was a printer by trade. One of the most successful, the most deserving, and most manly of men—General Charles H. Taylor, of the Boston "*Globe*"—adds to his other attributes the gift of most entertaining speaking. His conversation is a perpetual treat, but out of all he ever said to me, his assertion, one day when we were comparing notes, that when I was a boy reading the "*Weekly Traveller*," of Boston, upon our ancestral acres, he was another boy, of my own age, who was then learning his trade as a printer on that same Boston "*Weekly Traveller*," was the most gratifying. I might go on

indefinitely and mention others than Amos Cummings who are now, or have been, members of Congress, but I need not. The old-time printers are to be found everywhere. You will discover them in high positions in the departments at Washington as well as in Congress; they are in control of great newspapers; they are practicing medicine, dispensing legal advice, writing poetry, preaching sermons—in short, if I were asked in what place these progressive graduates from the case can not be found, my reply would be: "Nowhere excepting in those paths where it is dishonorable or undignified to be, for your true printer is a man of character, of decision, and rich in those moral attributes which serve to constantly renew our faith in the ultimate destiny of our race."

A few years ago, many of us were reading a series of graphic and heart-rending articles appearing in the "Century Magazine." They referred to the outrages perpetrated upon Russian subjects by what is called an administrative process of banishment, through the operation of which men and women of education and refinement, when under suspicion of a lack of fealty to the Czar, are eliminated from the body politic. We were told that these unfortunates were sent without trial to Siberia, forced to walk thousands of miles through deep drifted snow, with their legs in chains, compelled to sleep in miserable étapes *en route*, of their dying of exposure and from disease in its most loathsome forms, and, finally, of the hopeless lives of the survivors in the convict colonies of Siberia, perishing at last, perhaps, in the revolting mines of Kara. These revelations, written in a clear, concise

and dispassionate manner by an eye-witness of what he was describing, and carrying conviction at every step by the corroborative evidence contained in citations from official documents, which more than sustained the writer's charges—these revelations shocked the whole civilized world. The man who obtained this mass of astounding information did so at the constant peril of his life; the journey itself was enough to kill men of ordinary fiber; but he was also stricken with typhus fever, his solitary English-speaking companion was made insane by the horrors they beheld, while the travelers themselves underwent hardships rivaling those of the Tartar tribe whose flight is so grandly described by De Quincy. Finally these men came back, and one of them has been lecturing ever since upon the subjects treated in the “Century” articles. When I had listened, with deep emotion, to the first lecture he delivered in New York, and, at its close, joined the throng that surged toward the platform to grasp the hand of this brave, splendid man, I did not think of him in the convict dress he had donned in just the same way that others did. To me, he was only the George Kennan, who was a telegraph operator at Cincinnati in the early sixties, a mere lad then, who, having begun the practice of telegraphy at the early age of six years, under his father's tuition at Norwalk, in this State, had gone out into a larger world to seek his fortune. I remembered him as the daring youth who, hearing that, as a result of the failure of the first Atlantic Cable, the Western Union Telegraph Company contemplated building an overland line connecting British Columbia with St. Petersburg—

who, hearing this, wrote to the late General Anson Stager, and asked for permission to join the party that was to operate on the Russian terminus of the undertaking. To General Stager's somewhat tardy answer by wire, coupled with the question, "Can you be ready in a week?" Kennan sent back the characteristic answer, "Yes, sir; I can be ready in an hour."

I thought, as I stood there, of this early index of his quality, of the time when he made the longest journey with dogs and reindeer that any one had ever made; of his getting so deeply buried in Siberia that it was months after the overland expedition had been abandoned before the fact came to his knowledge. I saw him gathering information and putting his experiences into a book of the most charming description, before he was hardly out of his teens. In "*Tent Life in Siberia*," humor abounds on almost every page; the entire work is redolent of health and hope and buoyancy, and there are passages in it such, for instance, as Kennan's well-known description of an Arctic aurora, than which nothing in the English language is more rhythmical, graphic, elevated and stirring. This book was not much bought when the Putnams brought it out in the long ago, but it has been thoroughly circulated and digested during the past few years.

I gazed lovingly upon the grave, strong face of this man of fire and dew as he received the homage of the great people of New York, and I was thinking all the while what an honor it conferred upon me to have been one of his earlier friends, to have been bound to him in the

almost masonic bonds of union which telegraphic association implies.

When I hear of the achievement of the great railroad president who built a new northern route to the Pacific Coast, and created a city in a wilderness of such impenetrable wildness as few who have not penetrated the woods about Vancouver and along the coast from there down to Seattle can fairly comprehend, I think of William C. Van Horne as the boy telegraph operator going out from Joliet to find the field for the display of his energies that his soul craved, even in boyhood. I think of him when he was dismissed from service for a trivial fault, making his way to Ottawa to lay his grievances before Judge Caton, who, perhaps, regarded the fifteen-year-old visitor with curiosity, and wondered where he would arrive at last. I am glad Judge Caton still lives and knows how much this youngster to whom he was more than kind has finally accomplished.

Then there are L. C. Weir, Marvin Huggett, Judge Lambert Tree, the latter one of the first operators at Washington, on the line constructed by Morse between that city and Baltimore; General Thomas T. Eckert, president of the most wonderful corporation in all the world, and Andrew Carnegie, now come to be the possessor of uncounted millions. They were all telegraph operators, within my recollection; and there are hundreds more whose careers are of exceeding interest. I shall confine myself to speaking of only one of them, but I hope to be pardoned for discussing him quite at length. He deserves much more than I can say of him, not only because of

what he has accomplished, but for the sentimental reason that he was born at Milan, in this State, and for the consistent reason, as far as the purposes of this address go, that he was not only a telegrapher, but a printer, too, like his great predecessor, Franklin.

It was nearly twenty-five years ago when I first met Edison. He came to Boston and was employed for a short time as an operator. He was regarded as a good-natured, but hair-brained chap, and my impression is that he was finally discharged from the service for inattention to business. He was fairly punctual at all times, excepting on pay days, when he would come straying in an hour late and blandly ask some of us to lend him half a dollar with which to get his supper. When reminded that he had received half a month's salary that day, he would smile, and taking a brown-paper-covered parcel from under his arm, he would display a Ruhmkorff coil, an expensive set of helices, or something equally useless in the eyes of his comrades in the office; from which we were led to infer that the salary for the preceding half month had been exchanged for these apparently useless instruments. He spent a great deal of his time when on duty in making diagrams to show how wires could be operated in a multiplex way, and he held forth with undeniable eloquence on every conceivable subject excepting that relating to the prompt dispatch of such messages as the company then had on file for transmission. The office-boys came and hung message after message on the little row of hooks in front of him, but Edison's interest in them generally carried him no further than up against the proposition that if

by a system of rheostats, polarized magnets and batteries of different potentiality he could enable one wire to carry four sets of signals, two each in different ways, those troublesome messages, when intrusted to other hands than his, could be disposed of with increased rapidity. And so he used to sit and draw and dream, and let the business hang, until reminded by the chief operator that he must attend to his work. I did not even know his name at first, for some one had referred to him as Victor Hugo when he made his appearance, and it was by that name that we generally spoke of him. Every device was employed to thwart his soarings after the infinite, and his divings for the unfathomable, as we regarded them, and to get an amount of work out of him that was equivalent to the sum paid per diem for his services, and among them was that of having him receive the press report from New York. He did not like this, the work continuing steadily from 6.30 p. m. until 2 a. m., and leaving him no time in which to pursue his studies. One night about 8 p. m. there came down an inquiry as to where the press report was, and on going to the desk where Edison was at work, night manager Leighton was horrified to find that there was nothing ready to go upstairs, for the reason that Edison had copied between fifteen hundred and two thousand words of stock and other market reports in a hand so small that he had only filled a third of a page. Leighton laughed in spite of himself, and saying: "Heavens, Tom; don't do that again!" hastened to cut the copy up into minute fragments and have it prepared in a more acceptable manner. While this was occurring, Edison went on

receiving, and the frequent trips of the noisy dummy-box which communicated with the press-rooms on the next floor gave evidence that he was no longer gauging his handwriting with an ultimate view to putting the Lord's prayer on a three-cent piece. But all at once there was a great noise, and it was evident that press agent Wallace, a most profane man, was coming down the stairs, swearing and shouting as he came. Everybody grew excited except Edison, who was perhaps dreaming of the possibilities in some of the realms of electrical endeavor in which he has since won renown. But we did not have long to wait to know the cause of Wallace's visit. Kicking open the door, he appeared to us, but he was speechless. The last note of his voice and the last remnant of a vocabulary of blasphemy which was famous throughout the city was gone. Standing there with both hands full of small, white pages of paper, he could only beckon. Leighton approached him, and tenderly took the sheets of paper from him, to find that Edison had made the radical change from his first style of copy to simply putting one word on each sheet, directly in the center. He had furnished in this way several hundred pages in a very few minutes. He was relieved from duty on the press wire, and put on another circuit, while the much-tried Leighton devoted himself to bringing Wallace back to a normal condition, admitting of the use of his voice and the flow of his usual output of profanity.

I insert a specimen of Edison's wonderful handwriting. Ever since he became an operator it has been, and still continues to be, the same unique style of penmanship as

Charlotte N.C. Feby 22 90

Friend Cathin.

I hope I haven't changed a particle.

I'd rather have the small-pox than a

swelled head. Put me down for

-twenty five.

Yours
Thos A Edison

when, in response to Mr. Catlin's inquiry if he was still interested in such modest affairs as fast-sending tournaments, Edison sent his characteristic reply from North Carolina, where he was conducting some experiments in 1890, when the correspondence between him and Catlin took place.

In the winter of 1872-73, I was employed in the New York office of the Western Union Telegraph Company, and my desk being near the switch-board, my attention was attracted one evening to a queer collection of instruments, now grown familiar enough, but quite puzzling to ordinary telegraphers at the time. This group of things which was reposing on the floor somehow suggested Boston and diagrams. It was in everybody's way, but along about midnight Edison came in, and, gathering up his paraphernalia, began to arrange it by connecting the various parts with a fine copper wire which he unwound from a small spool that he produced from his pocket. He was our companion, by day and by night, for nearly a week, during which time he never went to bed or had any regular hours for meals. When he was hungry, he visited a coffee and cake establishment in the neighborhood, and absorbed what he was pleased to call the Bohemian Diet, and, returning with an unlighted cigar between his lips, he would begin his experiments anew. After awhile, he would throw himself into a chair and doze, sometimes for an hour, and again for shorter or longer periods. He used to say that when he was thus napping, he dreamed out many things that had puzzled him while awake. He was found late at night once, in his Newark laboratory,

in this condition by a passing friend, who, noticing that the place was lighted, made Edison a nocturnal call.

"Aren't you going home, Tom? It is late," remarked the visitor.

"How late?" inquired Edison, yawning and stretching himself.

"About one o'clock," returned his friend.

"Is that so?" exclaimed Edison. "By George! I must go home. I was married to-day."

None of his friends had heard of the marriage, but it was true that he had become a Benedict that very morning after a courtship rapidly conducted to a successful issue. During her short, sweet companionship with this curious dreamer of most substantial visions, the first Mrs. Edison was a helpful spouse, and she revered her husband and thought him almost a god.

One day I was asked if I were willing to come around in the day-time and work extra at the usual rate of compensation, and, replying in the affirmative, I was told to report in the electrician's room at noon until further notice. Seven other operators were selected, and together we experimented with Edison's instrument, which we were told was "the quadruplex." It was then in a very crude state, and the signals came over it in a way to suggest to an imaginative person the famous rocky road to Dublin. Edison was always present, changing something here or there, and gradually a result, somewhat imperfect but constantly improving, rewarded his efforts. Finally, he made us a little speech, saying: "Boys, she is a go. The principle is all right, and the sharps upstairs can get the

bugs out of it. We can not do it down here, for the troubles with telegraphic appliances can only be gotten out in the same way the Irish pilot found the rocks in the harbor—with the bottom of his ship. There is nothing so baffling as the perversity of a new thing; it must be used in order to find out where the bugs are, and when they are located anybody can get them out." A "bug" is simply the elusive trouble that appears on wires and instruments, and which has to be found and eliminated before perfect results can be obtained.

When Edison stopped speaking, no one replied. We enjoyed hearing him talk, and were anxious to have him go on; but he only smiled, and then said abruptly: "You don't seem to tumble. Every man Jack of you is fired after to-day."

And thus the quadruplex, long since perfected, not wholly by Edison, but worked out on his lines by others, came into being; and, as many of you know, it is as much a part of the vast telegraphic machinery in use to-day as are the more simple and ordinary instruments.

Mr. Orton, who was then the President of the Western Union, was very slow in reaching a decision about purchasing the patent, and a little further down the street there was an unobtrusive-looking person who in his lifetime used to stray up and down Broadway without one in a thousand recognizing him or dreaming who he was. He was largely interested in the Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph Company. This quiet person, however, had not only heard considerable about the practical value of Edison's invention from his managers, but on his

own account he possessed a somewhat keen eye, an intellect on the whole quite up to ordinary standards, and he had more decision of character and more courage than all the people then in the ownership of the Western Union Company. This man is dead now, but it was my good fortune to know him quite well, and it is due to his memory to say that a more modest, self-effacing, low-voiced and charming man could scarcely be imagined. His name is as familiar in this State as in my own. I am speaking of the late Jay Gould.

One day when Edison had received several small payments on account of his invention, and when he needed money and was urging a final settlement with the Western Union Company without making any progress, he met Mr. Gould on the street, and the latter said:

"Tom, those fellows will never do any business with you. Why not sell the quadruplex to me? I'll buy it, subject to all litigation."

"What will you pay for it?" asked Edison.

"Well," said Mr. Gould, fumbling in his vest-pocket, "I have here a check that was given to me an hour ago by Jarrett & Palmer, to whom I have sold the steamer 'Plymouth Rock.' It is for thirty thousand dollars. I'll give you that."

The offer was promptly accepted, and Mr. Gould dropped in at the nearest place where pen and ink were available, and endorsed the check over to Edison. Then the litigation began, and lawyers and experts had most interesting sessions for a long time. Edison testified, and he told the court so many things that were new and

strange, that gray-haired judges and technical lawyers listened with one accord, and the question at issue was lost sight of in the entertainment his listeners found in having the coming wizard talk about abstruse subjects concerning which he knew so much that a mere knowledge of a common thing like the law made counsel and judges seem sadly ignorant in his presence.

While this was going on, Mr. Gould quietly disappeared from the control of Atlantic and Pacific affairs. General Eckert, who in the meantime had come over to the Atlantic and Pacific, suddenly withdrew, and early in 1880, the American Union Telegraph Company was born. It was most brilliantly exploited, and the earnings of the Western Union were seriously affected. One day Mr. Vanderbilt, who then controlled the last-named company, sent word to Mr. Gould to come to his house that evening. The latter went, and was asked what he wanted. I have never heard what his reply was, but it became known next day that Mr. Gould had the Western Union Telegraph Company, and he quickly amalgamated with it both the American Union and the Atlantic and Pacific, placing the whole under the active management of General Eckert, with Dr. Norvin Green at the very head of affairs. And thereafter, up to the time of his fatal illness, Mr. Gould was almost an absolute ruler of telegraphic destinies in this country. Though often charged with abusing his power, he was as careful, in my judgment, not to take even a passing advantage of his position, or to put in jeopardy any interests intrusted to his company, as he was thoughtful and considerate of his own sons, who have now suc-

ceeded to his enormous wealth and the attendant responsibilities which their father left them as the result of a life of labor, abstemiousness and a lively use of the brains with which he was endowed.

The consolidation to which I have referred ended the famous suit to determine the real ownership of the quadruplex. The merits of the case were set aside by the coalescence of the properties named, and I fancy that if they had not been, the litigation would be hastening toward a degree of maturity by this time, warranting its projection into the Supreme Court. As it was left, the case of the quadruplex reminds me of the story so quaintly told in Missouri dialect by John Hay as to the ownership of a certain whisky skin simultaneously ordered in idyllic Gilgal by Jedge Phinn and Colonel Blood of Pike, with the difference that while there was a mystery about the ownership of Edison's patent, there was none as to who got it, and if Mr. Gould had been in the place of Jedge Phinn, perhaps the poet would not so grimly have written of the tragical outcome of a general battle among the friends of the principals claiming the single glass of toddy, smoking on Tom Taggart's bar, that—

“ They piled them up outside the door;
They made, I reckon, a cord or more;
Girls went that winter, as a rule,
Alone to singing-school.
* * * *

But I end with hit, as I did begin,
Who got the whisky-skin?”

In 1876, I remember that Edison and I crossed on a Jersey City ferry-boat together, and he asked me if I had

read a recent paragraph in the "Commercial Advertiser," to the effect that the Brooklyn Bridge would be in working order about the time that Edison succeeded in subdividing the electric current. Replying that I had not, Edison continued:

"That is one of the smart things that these fellows write, and I think Amos Cummings, in the 'Sun,' and Ned Fox, in the 'Herald,' are responsible for it. They have been recently printing a lot of rot about the wizard of Menlo Park, and people are stimulated by that sort of thing to expect everything in a minute. One of them—Fox, I think—says I am a genius; but you know well enough I am nothing of the sort, unless," he added, thoughtfully, "we accept D'Israeli's theory, that genius is prolonged patience. I am patient enough, for sure. As for the electric light, I've been neglecting it for a lot of other things—my telephone, the phonograph, and so forth, but," he added, confidently, "I'll subdivide the electric current when I get around to it, never fear. You wait and see."

Well, I have waited, and I have seen. It is no part of my purpose to speak of the surpassing loveliness of the electric light. None but a poet could do it justice. Those of you who visited the World's Fair and saw the display in the Electricity Building, who beheld the rim of fire which disclosed against the sable wing of night the location of the Ferris Wheel, or who saw the blazing dome of the Administration Building, the brilliantly lighted lagoons, the wonderful search-lights and electric fountains, or who, in short, have seen the electric light in its less conspicuous

phases in the hotels and private residences of your own cities, will readily concede that Edison did not overstate his ability when he assured me that he would subdivide the electric current when it suited his convenience to do so. With the advent of the electric light, with its generators and other paraphernalia, great strides were immediately made in applying this practically new-found power. Aside from the development of the thing itself, electric lighting on a large scale led to the propulsion of street-cars by means of electricity, and it has now been applied to almost everything. But perhaps the benefits of its introduction are larger in connection with the trolley-car than in any other direction. The dingy tenements of the town are being deserted every day for the little homes lying along the routes of the trolley-cars. On almost every country road leading to and from towns and villages, the electric car, combining the cheapest possible form of conveyance with a rate of speed which puts the horse to shame, is making its rounds and bringing comfort and an improved condition of life to hundreds upon hundreds. The anxious mother, eager to make secure the health of her children; the toiling father of the family and the little ones find greater happiness, a more perfect freedom and better health, through the change from the crowded houses of the poor to the wayside cottages, many of them surrounded by gardens, and some of them half hidden by climbing vines. The charming Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, snugly ensconced in his library at Beverly Farms, wrote satirically in the "Atlantic Monthly" of the Broom Stick Train, and the late Mr. Curtis, living in peace and quietness on

Staten Island, lifted up his voice in simulated anger in the Easy Chair when the electric car for the first time passed by his residence like a flash, and went bounding up the road to an adjacent village. But none knew better than Dr. Holmes and he whose delightful philosophy so many of us read month after month, during many years, in "Harper's Magazine"—none knew better than they that this disturber of their day-dreams was destined to bring manifold blessings to their fellow-men. They showed by their example that they believed the country, which God had made, is a better place for woman, child and man than is the city, which has been created by human hands, and in their sympathetic hearts they rejoiced, no doubt, over the improved condition of their fellow-men, which was inevitable as an outcome of this wonderful agent for the depopulation of the tenement and the upbuilding of little homes scattered by the roadside between the towns. Formerly the toilers in foundry, factory and workshop lived within the shadow of the great buildings in which so much of their time was spent. At night they breathed the smoke-laden atmosphere hovering over their miserable quarters; their wives and children existed in a polluted atmosphere destructive to their moral and mental health and often fatal to their physical welfare. To-day, in a very considerable measure, the environment is vastly bettered; the children play in the sunshine, their senses know the odor of flowers, the beauty of clear skies, the music of birds and the melody of the winds soothing through nodding trees. Their moral as well as their physical natures must profit by all this. They will make

better, stronger and happier men and women for having a means at hand of making the tenement house no longer their only refuge. The father works more cheerfully than before, because he knows that when the evening has come he will be out in the country, whisked there so rapidly that, before he knows it, the forges, the chimneys, and all the unlovely things with which he is surrounded when at work will be left behind to remind him no more of their existence, until, refreshed by sleep and reinvigorated by rest in a pure atmosphere, he cheerfully retraces the course of his evening journey, and, with a heart more hopeful for the change, goes about his work, singing maybe, because there is something different, something better, awaiting him when the day is done. Edison, more than any other man, has brought about this change, because he pointed the way which others have followed with such grand results.

Those of you who are familiar with the important part played to-day in the making of newspapers by the telegraph, the cable and the telephone have never thought, perhaps, of the difficulties surrounding the introduction of each and all of them. The story of Professor Morse and his futile attempts to obtain an appropriation from Congress with which to construct his experimental line between Washington and Baltimore has often been told, however, and can not be new to many present, but I refer to it more to render it pertinent to say that the telegraph was made possible by a woman. The widow of the late Roswell Smith, editor of the "Century Magazine," while she was Miss Ellsworth, the daughter of the Commissioner of Patents

serving under President Tyler, was greatly interested in the invention of the young painter who had turned his attention from recognized art to experimental science. She saw him returning from the Capitol day after day, disheartened and almost hopeless, and when she saw Morse on the verge of despair she imbued him with new courage by her sweet sympathy and by the repeated assurance that she had implicit faith in his complete triumph. When that triumph came, tardily enough, too, and after the appropriation of \$30,000 had narrowly escaped being split up so that a third should be devoted to mesmeric experiments and another third to investigating what is known as Millerism—when that triumph came, Miss Ellsworth, by a most commendable but unusual display of thoughtfulness, was chosen as the person to send the first message over the wire. “What hath God wrought” were the words chosen by her to inaugurate the operation of what has now come to be to commercial and social life what the nerves are to a human being. And her words are still ringing in our ears.

Bishop Potter has said that nothing is so unpopular as an innovation. Let us see. When Morse's line was working as smoothly as the telegraph is working to-day, after a lapse of nearly fifty years, and a message was brought from Baltimore to Washington announcing that Silas Wright had been chosen to run on the Presidentia' ticket with James K. Polk, an answer was immediately returned saying that Mr. Wright declined the honor. The Solons of that day and generation in convention assembled were not to be beguiled by any diaphanous stories purport-

ing to come from Washington by a process so palpably open to suspicion as the telegraph, so they adjourned over while a committee went to Washington and sadly returned with the confirmation of Mr. Wright's expressed desire not to serve. That great telegraphic veteran, David Brooks, of Philadelphia, once told me that when he was the manager of the telegraph office in Harrisburg—and he said he could not remember the year, but added that it was along about the time the soldiers were coming home from the Mexican War—that when he was manager at Harrisburg he could not get business enough to pay his board. He added that people regarded the telegraph as a toy, and never thought of using it for any serious purpose, using the mails for their ordinary communications with Philadelphia, and "when they were in a great hurry to receive intelligence," said Mr. Brooks, "they went to Philadelphia in person. They usually walked, but in cases of extreme urgency they took a conveyance. It never occurred to them to use the telegraph."

When, after years of labor and a display of almost superhuman patience, the Atlantic Cable was finished, very few persons believed that messages passed over it. After a few days it ceased to work, and as no one knew the reason why, the public shrugged its shoulders and knowingly referred to Barnum in a familiar way and quoted his assertion that the American public liked to be humbugged. In that first cable very thin wires of low conductivity and correspondingly high resistance were used, and the life of the fragile conductor was destroyed, just as by a decree of the New York Legislature human

life is ended in the fatal chair where Kemmler sat at Auburn, and in which many others doomed to die have quickly and without a sign passed from life to death. When we reflect that according to the electricians the needle of a galvanometer can be deflected on the Irish coast by such electricity as can be generated on this side of the ocean by the action upon it of what acidulated water can be held in a percussion cap, it is not difficult to understand that the first cable failed from a too heavy application of battery. It was simply burned to death. After that, a few years later, came the second cable, which was a success. But it was not much used, and years were required in which to teach the people, the newspapers and the commercial world the value of instantaneous connection with Europe. It was a great achievement to have established this system of communication under the seas and the patient and persistent endeavor of Cyrus W. Field should never have been forgotten. But he is gone, and for many years prior to his demise no one thought of him as the man who brought the dwellers on both sides of the ocean to think of the same things at the same moment and who in doing so gave civilization one of its greatest upward movements. He became a speculator and was plucked by Samuel J. Tilden, and afterward, in a game of financial fisticuffs over the affairs of the Manhattan Elevated Railroad, his antagonist, Mr. Gould, was an easy winner. Mr. Field died comparatively poor; but however dimly his light had burned for a few years preceding his death, he was a wonderful man, full of determination, stopping at nothing, and sanguine that his scheme of

oceanic communication was practicable. I had heard of the many trips he had made to Europe on cable business, and meeting him in Washington a dozen years ago, I said:

“ You have crossed the Atlantic sixty times, I hear.”

“ Yes,” he replied. “ I have made sixty-four trips and was seasick on every one of them.”

The first time I ever heard of the telephone, an operator in the Western Union Telegraph Company’s office, in New York, whose father was a preacher in Canada, received a copy of a Brantford newspaper, in which it was stated that a man named Alexander Graham Bell had transmitted speech by wire from Brantford to a neighboring town. It seemed incredible, but our telegraphic comrade called attention to the circumstance that his father was a godly man, and as he had said in an accompanying letter that he heard it done with his own ears, we held our peace. The newspaper announcement, however, made no impression on the public, and a year or more afterward, when Professor Bell came to New York to demonstrate that he could telephone from that city to Brooklyn, not more than a dozen out of a hundred invited guests appeared at the St. Denis Hotel to witness the experiment. I was one of the dozen, and we were unanimous in the opinion, when the experiments were concluded, that the whole thing was a toy, if not an absolute humbug. Professor Bell met with many discouragements, but obstinately pursued his experiments, and made sufficient improvements in his apparatus to have a proposition for the adoption of his invention by the American District Telegraph Company seriously considered. He wanted, if my memory serves

me well, the sum of five thousand dollars per annum for the exclusive use of his American rights, that rate of payment to continue during the life of the patents. This was soberly considered by the Board of Directors, and they solemnly resolved that, the telephone being rather in the nature of a novelty, it would not be consistent with the dignity of their company to associate it with so serious a business as that involved in the delivery of messages, letters and parcels by uniformed messengers. Professor Bell was forced to seek other alliances, and you have seen the result.

The telegraph of the long ago, which would not yield in Harrisburg money enough to pay the board of a man who has since shown himself to be great, and who at that time combined in himself the position of operator, lineman, battery-man, messenger and manager, is as much an essential in our daily life to-day as are the railroads, the steam-boats and the mails. The Atlantic cable, almost wholly disused for two or three years, is as freely employed now as are the land lines. The invention that the American District Telegraph Company of New York rejected, because it seemed only a trifling thing, has been perfected to a degree admitting of easy conversation between points as far distant as New York and Chicago. Great fortunes have been amassed out of each and all of these different mediums of communication, and the welfare of man has been greatly enhanced by them. And yet, difficult as it would be to-day to transact business without them, none of them was adopted without a struggle in which progress battled with prejudice, but out of which progress happily came forth a gallant victor.

Everywhere in this country, where newspapers of any size are published, they are served with the telegraphic news of the world over wires leased for that especial purpose and operated by men selected with a particular view to handling press reports in a rapid, efficient and intelligent manner. This condition grew out of the leasing by the New York Associated Press of a wire between New York and Washington in 1875. Mr. Orton predicted a failure, and he combated the idea and delayed action on the proposition for years. But he finally yielded, with the assertion and expectation that the experiment would be a failure. But it was not, and wires to Boston, to Buffalo and finally to Chicago, were soon called for by the various press associations, until, as I have said, the leased wire system is now almost universal. The newspapers here in Columbus are equipped with it, and with men as skillful and as intelligent as any employed in New York or Chicago. It was my good fortune, as one of the lieutenants of the late James W. Simonton, to select the men to work that pioneer leased wire from New York to Washington. There were eight of them, two each at New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, and I am glad to be able to say that after nineteen years they are all alive and well, and that all of them are still in the press service. These eight men founded a system, and are worth knowing, if only by name, for they made an assault and carried a position against the prejudice of a great telegraph company, its officers and employés. Besides, there were never eight men who could telegraph better than Fred. N. Bassett, P. V. De Graw, W. H. C. Hargrave, W. G.

Jones, Thomas J. Bishop, H. A. Wells, W. N. Gove and E. C. Boileau. I have mentioned Boileau last because he was first of all, if there were any choice among them.

"Nothing is so unpopular as an innovation," said Bishop Potter. I think he spoke the truth.

No man shall excel me in a quick perception of what has been done to increase the value of human life and the sum of earthly happiness by the painters, the sculptors and the writers of books and music. Nor do I forget how much we owe to Howe, whose invention brightened the hard lives of the women who were compelled by circumstances to ply the needle far into the night; to Stevenson, whose efforts to compass land locomotion by steam have eventuated in our being able to travel luxuriously from New York to Chicago in the incredibly short space of twenty hours; to Fulton, whose uncouth steamboat, worrying noisily through the glad waters of the storied Hudson, has been succeeded by floating palaces in which we cross the seas; to Haury who created a system enabling the blind to read; to the Gallaudets who have perfected a sign language for the deaf and a system of articulation for those hitherto deemed to be dumb, or to the hundreds of men and women who have made the world happier, wiser and better for having lived in it. Like the royal wanderer amid the leafy woods of Arden who heard sermons from stones, music in the whispering of the trees, and who found books in the running brooks and good in everything, so I, scanning the names upon the scroll of fame, feel to the full how much the world owes to its conspicuous men and women. They listen to the sermon-yielding stones, and

they know the truths written in the books found in the running brooks. In short, they have found and inculcated upon mankind that good resides in everything. And yet, useful as is the sewing-machine, grand as have become in their practical application the dreams of Stevenson and Fulton, much as we are indebted to the beneficent brotherhood of philanthropists, and to the pioneers in pushing onward the car of progress, the men who have added the final touch to the magnificent development of the last fifty years have been they who, building upon the discovery that electricity could be made a ready servant, gave us the telegraph, the ocean cable, the telephone, the trolley-car and a light rivaling the sun itself—an artificial radiance more beautiful than the mind of man could imagine fifty years ago—a light which it seems to me has touched the zenith for both utility and splendor.

Therefore, to retrace my steps and return after this desultory wandering away from it to my original proposition, I am justified, I think, in view of how and by whom electricity was first made captive, and considering the man who has been most conspicuous in making and in suggesting applications of it in so many unexpected ways—I am justified, I say, in asserting that any man should be proud that he was once a printer as Benjamin Franklin was, or that his hand once knew and still retains, perhaps, the cunning that was learned in the rugged school of telegraphic experience in which Thomas Alva Edison was also a pupil.

ROBERT HOWELL.

BY WALTER P. PHILLIPS.

"I reckon I'll have to squeeze in thar alongside o' you, while they make up them bunks."

The speaker made this observation while he was taking his seat. He was a long, lank specimen of humanity with an abundance of yellowish brown chin whiskers which he stroked caressingly when he was speaking. I had been traveling for two days, and had made the acquaintance of several marked types of character, and I discerned in the new comer still another who would no doubt contribute his share to my entertainment. The train was just pulling away from the depot at Dayton, Ohio, and I was seated in one of the sections which had not yet been arranged for the night. I gave the gentleman a gracious reception, and as soon as he was settled comfortably in his seat and had surveyed me to his satisfaction, he inquired:

"Been traveling fur?"

Learning that I had come through from Denver, he spoke of the journey as a "right smart jaunt," and volunteered the information that he had never been west of Dayton.

"I am from South," he explained. "I went down thar from York State when I was a boy. I am now in the saw-mill business in Floridy. I used to be in the telegraph business, at Key West, where they relay business between New York and Havana, but I grew kinder tired of it and branched out. But sawmills is durn poor property in Floridy after the first of February, and I've some notion o' stopping over in New York and trying my hand at the old biz for a spell."

"Are you an operator?" I inquired, cherishing a vague suspicion that I might be addressing an ex-lineman.

"Be I? Well, I guess."

Experiencing a fellow-feeling at once, I remarked that I too, was an operator, and very likely we had heard of each other. Then I gave him my name.

"Why, Walter, old man," he replied, with fervency, "your name is a household word among the boys. Yes siree, we are old timers, you and me. I see Andy Carnegie has got rich: that Homer Bates, Albert Chandler, and a lot of the Union military telegraph men are getting up in the world all right, and in the meantime we ain't no chickens, be we? Ot the comparatively new reegimmy, I don't know many—Fred Catlin, Eddie Welch, Denny Harmon, Willis Jones, Court Cunningham, and a few other old-time stars. They are shiners all right, even now, though I haint seen any of 'em in years. P'raps you've heard of me. My name is Bob Howell. It must be fifteen years ago I gave up the business. I used to be an old paster—reg'lar greased chain lightning—and yesterday I got a string put through from Dayton to New York to yawp with Al Sink—of course you know Al?—about giving me a job. It come jes' as natural as ever. I suppose I was the fastest sender—maniperlatur they call 'em now, I reckon—in the South, one time, and I can snatch 'em right smart now. What they paying for salaries now, d'y'e know?"

"All sorts," I replied. "It depends a good deal on what one received when he left the service, what his record was, and the character of the work he can do now."

"Well, you bet my work was Al. Yes, cully, it was prime mess. I left on a salary of \$118, and thar wan't no better operators than me—thar ain't none now."

To this I could not, of course, offer any objection and presently my companion went on meditatively:

"I guess I'll strike 'em for a hundred anyhow, and I hear they pay extra after seven hours' work. I ain't going to stay for long, say four or five months. Sawing will be good by that time, and I must get back to old Floridy. What I want," he continued confidentially, "is to save a hundred dollars a month, *and*," he added vigorously, "I'll do it or bust. I'm on the U. S.—unmitigated scoop—and I don't mind working sixteen hours a day. I don't want no loafing around the boarding place in mine. All I want is a bunk for about six hours, and to put in my loafing time right in the W. U. operating room, at 195 Broadway, at forty-seven cents an hour. Oh, I know the ropes and I'm pizen

on the work when it's thar to be done. But," he concluded decisively, "I've got to get money to live on and save a hundred dollars a month; think I can do it?"

I assented.

"Well, I'll show 'em a thing or two when I get thar. I used to send sixty-five messages an hour, and the longer I send, the pizener I get. I've heerd about their big receivers down to Duxbury and round, but they want to get their shirts off when I shake myself into position, you hear me."

"You won't get the Duxbury men unless you work in the Cable Department, down in Broad Street, and if you should, I fancy you will find them a marvelous set of receivers. They——"

"Oh, 'taint no use," interrupted Mr. Howell; "they can't catch *me*. They *might* for an hour, but when I get on my feathers, thar ain't no living man that can follow *me*;" and he drew from his pantaloons pocket a narrow strip of tobacco about fourteen inches long, and biting off a goodly quid, he continued:

"I'm a J. R.—Johnny Reb. Say Walter! I've got to have that hundred a month, clean mun, for a special purpose. A little woman is sick. Well, sir, I was at Atlanta mostly during the war. I worked in that office night and day for fourteen days. Thar was no one left thar but me, and General Joe Johnston had gin an order not to close office. When the necessity for my presence on deck had passed, his orderly forgot to revoke the order, and so your friend Robert H. was 'stuck.' I've often sent six hundred messages in ten hours. I used to get so wore out that I had to hang 'em up and take a nap in my chair. Then I would take a lot from the South, get Richmond and go for 'em again. I never saw but one man—Old Dad Sullivan—that could take me without a break. *Maybe* them Duxbury roosters can do it."

Then, after a long and vigorous working upon the tobacco in his mouth he added in an undertone:

"Dern my skin, but I *would* like to give 'em a pull, just for fun, on seven or nine hundred cables."

"Do you purpose to bring your wife on to New York, or——"

"Go easy, old man," said Mr. Howell, interrupting me again. "That is my one weak point, just now. I ain't got none." Then after a pause he observed abruptly: "See here, you are one of my kind, I'll tell you how I am fixed."

At this juncture the porter drove us out of our seat, and we repaired to the rear of the car where, perching himself upon the sink in a comfortable position, my friend chewed his tobacco and talked while I leaned up against the door and smoked a cigar.

"It was this way," observed Mr. Howell. "In '62 I was with the army as a telegraph operator—sort of on Johnston's staff like. One day a fellow named Joe Jacques came through the lines bringing his wife. She was a mighty pretty woman, and uncommonly smart. Jacques was from Ohio, here, but his wife was a Virginian. They had lived South a good deal, and Jacques being of no account, and his wife a strong secession sympathizer, they naturally got identified with our side. Jacques went for a sojourner pretty soon and his wife kept along with us as a sort of nurse to the sick and hurt. She was pretty hard put most of the time, poor girl, Jacques being a good deal of a drinker and quarrelsome when drunk. Yet, he contrived with all his faults to make quite a reputation as a scout. But he was precious little use or comfort to 'Min,' as he called his wife, and if it hadn't been for General Johnston and his officers, she would have died of hunger and neglect. You remember how we caught it at Jackson in '63, don't ye? U. S. G. had got his galinippers on Vicksburg, and General Johnston allowed to tackle him in the rear and make him raise the siege. While Johnston was thinking about it, what does the old man do but send Tecumseh Sherman with the Thirteenth and Fifteenth army corps down in our direction, and inside a week with Sherman straddling the Pearl River we found it sociable to light out for Brandon. Three days before we went—this was the second time Jackson was taken, you know—our fellows made a sortie and, under cover of a big fog, advanced a brigade of infantry and several batteries of artillery against Sherman's right line with a hope of breaking it, but it was of no use. The suddenness of the movement and the skill with which it was executed was O. K., but

Sherman wouldn't hist a foot. When we got over to Brandon Jacques was missing. We all supposed he was dead and planted all comfortable, and we didn't much care if he was. We hadn't trusted him for some time, and he would have went over to the enemy any time he got a chance. Anyhow, not hearing anything from him in three years, his wife and me was pretty fond of each other by this time, considered him dead, sure enough, and we married. In 1867, we went to Floridy and for thirty years we was mighty happy. I got me a small place and what with our two boys and a girl growing up and getting married, everything was as smooth and pleasant as we could ask. I got so happy that I even thought of Jacques in a kindly way, when the anniversaries of the final evacuation of Jackson came around, and if I had known where his grave was, I believe I should have decorated it up every year, just as a bit of gratitude for the happiness his supposed death had brought to me."

The speaker stopped here and brushed his coat sleeve across his eyes. He then renewed his acquaintance with the long, narrow strip of tobacco and proceeded:

"Last Christmas who comes to the surface but Joe Jacques. He'd been in the Regular Army, he said, and made some money as a sutler. Then, thinking his wife was dead, he'd married a Mississippi girl and been running a plantation for the last twenty-five years. Lately his Mississippi wife had died, and simultaneous he heard that Minnie was married to me; that accounted for his appearance. The situation was rather awkward. I allowed since he had married again, **Mrs.** Howell was free; but Minnie had her doubts. It wore on her terrible, until him and me got to swapping threats, and fin'lly I gin Mr. Josephus Jacques twelve hours to hump himself out of Floridy, or I would blow a hole in him as big as a hoe-cake. Well, he went out here to Dayton, and there he begins writing letters to Minnie. Then, to cap the whole doggoned climax, he goes out gunning one day, blows his ugly mug full of powder and gets stone blind, That settled it. My wife just said it was Fate, and she must go do her duty by her first husband. So she goes out there and she is there now."

Then the honest fellow gasped with tears in his voice:

"And she is dying, too, old man." After a pause, he resumed:

"She wrote down to me for to come out and bring the children. I've done it, and I've left them thar temporary to comfort my poor girl in her great trouble. There's five on 'em and we love 'em even more'n we did our own children. I reckon it is often so with the grand-children. It cost me a heap o' money to get us all from Floridy out to Dayton, and it's put me in the hole terrible. That's what I'm going a brass pounding for, to catch up again. It's tough now, ain't it, the way things turn out? But I don't complain; I only wish she was happier, for Jacques ain't using her right, and then she can't stand it long in this climate, for her lungs is weak. I don't reckon she'll ever live to see the flowers blossom another year."

I had thrown away my cigar as the speaker concluded his narrative, and was gazing out of the window in no mood for speech, when I was aroused by the porter's announcement, "Berths ready for you, now, gemmens," and turning, I beheld my friend still sitting on the marble sink chewing as he caressed his tawny whiskers, and pondering. I gave him my hand and said "good-night," whereupon he ejaculated, as if a new thought had struck him: "Say, you read a good deal, I reckon. Now, ain't thar a book called 'Married for Both Worlds'?"

I answered that I believed there was.

"So she told me, and she wants me to read it; but I never read a book through in all my life. I'll have to get it though, and do the best I can with it. Good-night, old man."

As I was tumbling into my berth, cogitating over this pathetic story, Howell approached and whispered: "I'll read that book; there's a good deal in it, I expect; and up there," pointing toward the thoughtful stars, "I reckon Joe Jacques is going to get most awfully left."

RAPID TELEGRAPHY.

BY WALTER P. PHILLIPS.

Read to the Association of Railway Telegraph Superintendents at their annual meeting, held at Buffalo, N. Y., June 19, 1902.

Up to the present time the automatic systems of telegraphy have belonged to that class of inventions in which more money was invested than has ever been taken out. There are those, of course, who will contend that the Wheatstone system has certain advantages, but when everything is summed up and a balance is struck, it is doubtful, as I view the matter, whether the introduction of that exquisite system has led to any real progress, as far as American telegraphy is concerned. A great deal has been claimed for this system in former years, in England, but recent reports show that it has lost ground there, of late, while in the United States it cuts no important figure.

But whatever may be said against the Wheatstone system as a factor of value in these high pressure days of instantaneous communication by telephone as well as by telegraph, the fact remains that it is far ahead of the many other automatic systems which have come into competition with it during the past twenty-five years. For that reason a brief description of it may be of interest:

The apparatus consists of a device called a perforator, a transmitter of most ingenious construction, and an ink recorder. It is the mission of the perforator to make a series of dots in horizontal lines, of the transmitter to so distribute these dots into the line as to transform them into the dots and dashes comprising the telegraph alphabet; and of the inking mechanism to record them in a perfect manner, easily read and transcribed by the copyist at the receiving end of the line. The perforator consists of a set of five metal tubes, or punches, encased in a box within which is placed the mechanism by which the punches are operated. This

perforator, like everything connected with the Wheatstone System, works perfectly. It has three keys which are depressed by the operator, who usually uses for this purpose rubber-tipped mallets—one in each hand. Sometimes perforators are supplied with a pneumatic arrangement rendering it unnecessary for the operator to more than touch the keys, which action opens a valve connected with air tubes and a piston influenced by the air pressure perforates the paper instead of its being done by main strength, as is the case when struck by the mallets. Besides the two horizontal lines of dots which pass through the transforming mechanism by which they are changed to dots and dashes, there is a third line of fine dots—about 120 to the foot. These dots are placed between the other two and are used as a means of feeding the perforated tape through the transmitter, which not only handles it in a marvelous manner, but by another ingenious contrivance it sends “reversals,” thus clearing the line of the static charge by a constant alternation of a current from the opposing poles of the battery. The Wheatstone recorder does not differ essentially from other inking mechanisms, but it is more elaborate, more accurate, and in every way superior to everything in the same line that has ever been produced. There may be countries where the telegraphing public is willing to have its messages delayed more or less, but in the United States people will not submit to it. In other countries the public may not know what goes on inside the sacred precincts of the telegraph operating rooms, but in this broad land of freedom, every man who does much telegraphing makes it his business to know all about the modus operandi of handling telegrams, and there are but very few of them to-day who do not know by its ear-marks whether a message reaches him by the Morse system or the Wheatstone. The first is well understood to be a method synonymous with the greatest possible alacrity and accuracy, while the latter is viewed askance and accused of being slow and incorrect. That there is an initial delay in perforating the slips is undeniable and many more errors are made in transcribing the tape by eye than in receiving the words by sound. All of this means a slow service, and is so well understood

outside of the telegraph offices as well as inside of them, that cases are known where the falling off in the business of a company using the Wheatstone and the corresponding increase in the business of a company which operated the Morse System was so great, that the former had to be permanently abandoned and the Morse System restored in order to regain the business which had gone over to the enemy.

With the Wheatstone only a half success, inventors have not been lacking to bring forward one automatic system after another, each and every one of which was inferior to the Wheatstone, and invariably for the reason that they were very much faster and less rational systems and their operation contemplated the use of chemically prepared paper at the receiving end of the line. There have been no end of these systems, with their wet paper and other objectionable features, and for the exploitation of several of them independent companies were formed, all of which went to the wall long ago. If you walk along Broadway, you will see here and there a window filled with what appears to be diamonds. The shopkeepers call them Brazilian pebbles, Peruvian crystals, and any other name that comes handy, and but for their prices, which, to use a hackneyed phrase, place these blazing gems within the reach of all, a superficial observer might mistake them for the genuine article. But when you take any one of these stones to a practical jeweler and ask him what it is, he scarcely takes it from your hand, and certainly gives it no careful scrutiny. He disposes of it with the utterance of one word—"glass"—and gives it no further thought. And so with the long list of extremely high speed telegraph systems; they are as glass compared with the real gem when we put them in the balance with the Wheatstone. And since not one of them is in use in the whole world to-day, as far as I can ascertain, it is scarcely worth while to mention them by name.

Within very recent years the automatic telegraph in its original form has practically been discarded in favor of the primitive Morse, which is by common consent the simplest and fastest system in the world. An attempt has been made to hasten this system by devices known as the Phillips-

Morse Automatic Telegraph. This is a very unpretentious affair, using the Morse Key for the preparation of an embossed tape which, without the slightest delay, is passed through a transmitter and over the line at a high rate of speed. The signals are received, at the remote station, on a recording apparatus which furnishes an embossed slip from which, when passed through a reproducer, the words as originally written by the sending operator are reproduced on a sounder and taken down with a pen or a typewriter by sound. I quote from an article taken from the New York Sun, which I did not write or inspire, so it may be accepted as wholly disinterested, although I chance to be the sponsor for the system which the Sun describes.

"What Phillips's Morse Automatic Telegraph will do is to double or treble the number of words that can be sent over a single wire, and this without requiring that the operators learn anything beyond that which the present Morse operators know now. This result is accomplished by the addition to each office of a set of very simple instruments. When there is no need of hurrying matter forward over the wires the rapid system can be cut out of use by changing a plug, and the wires can be used in the ordinary way—sending messages directly by the key. The system is one which is of value principally to the telegraph companies themselves and to the users of leased wires, but the public would often find a direct benefit from its adoption through getting messages promptly, which are now often delayed when there is trouble with the wires and their capacity is reduced below the normal.

"In this system the messages are recorded in raised telegraphic characters on a strip of paper, and this strip being run through a proper machine the characters are repeated by sound at the other end of the wire, and the operator, reading them by ear, takes them upon a typewriter or by hand. The transcribing operator can vary the speed of the tape as it goes through the machine to suit himself, can stop it at any point, and can pull it back if he wants it repeated. It is asserted that the greater number of mistakes that occur in the Wheatstone system are in the reading and transcribing, and that these are done away with in the new system,

because the ear is more accurate than the eye, and also faster. These claims seemed all to be proved by the tests made yesterday. An article in the Sun was chosen for the test. This was handed to a Morse operator, and while he sent it the operator, who was afterward to transcribe it, left the room. The sending operator worked at the ordinary key, just as he would in sending a message over the wire in the present Morse system. The message, however, instead of going over the main wire, was sent only over a local office wire. It was received in a machine which was, to all intents and purposes, like the registering machine which every operator used forty years ago, before men had learned to read by sound. The dots and dashes were reproduced on a strip of paper, each being raised above the surface of the paper by a point which pressed that part of the paper into a groove in a wheel which the paper passed over. Instead of producing a single line of these impressions, there were three points which worked side by side and left three sets of duplicate impressions. The duplication is merely to insure accuracy. The message was telegraphed in this part of the process at the ordinary rate of speed.

"Now came the second process—the transmission over the main wire. The transmitting instrument and the recording instrument, at opposite ends of the wire, were set going at a speed three times as great as that of the hand operator. The strip of paper with the message imprinted on it was started through the transmitter, and the recorder went rattling away at a rate which no man could read, but every impression was afterward found to be an exact duplicate of those in the strip going through the transmitter. When this process was completed the paper from the recorder was brought over to the transmitter, and the latter machine was slowed down again to a speed equal to that of ordinary telegraphing. The transmitter was now assumed to be only an office machine run upon an office circuit and entirely separate from the line wire, as would be the case in the third process—that of taking the message from the transmitted copy and turning it into ordinary writing. A typewriter who could read telegraphy by sound sat in front of his machine and as soon as the strip was started through

the transmitter he began to print out the message. When he had finished, the typewritten copy was compared with the original in the Sun and found to be exactly correct.

"In practise, the manner in which the system would be used is this: Since the transmitter is able to send three times as many messages in a given time as a single operator can send or receive, there would be three operators in each office to each wire. In the sending office these operators would be kept busy making the tape copies of the messages by ticking them off on office recorders. As fast as their messages were ready they would be run through the transmitter, which would reproduce them at the triple speed at the other end of the wire. There the three other operators would each take a part of the messages and transcribe them. There is absolutely no loss of time."

Mr. William B. Vansize, in a paper presented at the 150th meeting of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, in January, 1900, said: "What telegraph officials really need is the simplicity of the Morse System combined with increased speed of transmission and economy of time between the transmitting customer and his addressed correspondent. Up to the present time nothing has surpassed the Morse for this purpose." And it is extremely doubtful if anything ever will. I believe, however, that the Phillips-Morse Automatic Telegraph can handle business as quickly as the Morse, and that it will economize time on the wire. Not that it will handle millions of words in no time, like the systems that have been regularly brought forward, and which promptly slipped from the experimental stage to the limbo of unutilized things, but it will achieve in its field the triumph of making two, if not three blades of grass grow where only one grew before. And that is something, whereas the attempts of those who aimed to revolutionize the original methods have ended in absolutely nothing.

I have a very wholesome respect for the man who attempts something within the range of reason, and such a man is Donald Murray. He has entered a field that is most alluring. It was not very long after the invention of the Morse telegraph that inventors began striving to achieve a telegraph that would deliver its messages in Roman characters.

Royal E. House invented a printing telegraph away back in the fifties; Hughes invented one not so good, and afterward George M. Phelps combined the two and produced a really beautiful machine which came to be known as the Phelps Motor. Edison interested himself in the stock ticker, and as far as short distance printing telegraph went, we had made progress twenty years ago. But what was needed was an automatic page printer that would work on long circuits, and Mr. Murray seems to have come nearer to attaining this ideal than any one else. The Murray system involves the use of a perforated slip which is prepared on a machine which to all intents and purposes is a typewriter. This perforated slip is passed into the line at a moderately high rate of speed, and the pulsations caused by it produce a perforated slip at the remote station which, when applied to a specially arranged typewriter, causes it to print in Roman letters that which was originally perforated at the sending station. There are some natural obstacles to be overcome before this system can be made a great and enduring success, but it is full of promise.



TELEGRAPH TALK AND TALKERS. HUMAN CHARACTER AND EMOTIONS AN OLD TELEGRAPHER READS ON THE WIRE.

BY L. C. HALL.

Cross the threshold of the operating department of a metropolitan telegraph office, and you pass into a wonderland where much is done that might well excite astonishment if the vernacular in which it is transacted were set down in comprehensible phrase. Here men talk of megohms and microfarads and milliamperes; you carelessly touch a bit of brass and are stung by an invisible imp; you see a man gazing fixedly at an impudent little instrument, toying idly the while at a rubber button, and the brass instrument having clattered back, you see him laugh idiotically for no reason whatever.

For "telephese" is a living, palpitating language. It is a curious kind of Volapuk, a universal tongue, spoken through the finger tips and in most cases read by ear.

In its written form telephese, or "Morse," as it is called in the vernacular, is rarely seen. Yet as a vehicle of expression it is, to the initiated, as harmonious, subtle, and fascinating as the language of music itself.

Nothing could be simpler than its alphabet of dots and dashes. Yet it has come to pass that out of the manner of rendering this simple code has been evolved a means of communicating thought and feeling rivaling in flexibility and scope the human voice.

A great hall was filled one night with people—mostly telegraphers and their friends. On the stage were a dozen men, a few tables upon which were sets of shining telegraph instruments, and a number of typewriting machines of different patterns. The occasion was a "fast-sending tournament," held to establish records in rapid transmission.

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One by one the contestants stepped to the test table, and manipulated the key. There was a tense stillness throughout the hall, broken when "time" was called by a trill of metallic pulsations read by most of the audience as from a printed page. The text of the matter is of no concern, an excerpt from a great speech, a page of blank verse, or only the "conditions" found at the top of a telegraph form. Speed and accuracy alone are vital. Forty, forty-five, fifty words a minute are rattled off—seven hundred and fifty motions of the wrist—and still the limit is not reached. The contestants show the same evidences of strain that characterize the most strenuous physical contest—the dilating nostril, the quick or suspended breathing, the starting eye.

Presently a fair-haired young man takes the chair, self-confidence and reserve force in every gesture. Away he goes, and his transmission is as swift and pure as a mountain stream. "To guard against mistakes and delays, the sender of a message should order it repeated back." The audience, enthralled, forgets the speed, and hearkens only to the beauty of the sending. On and on fly the dots and dashes, and though it is clear that his pace is not up to that set by the leaders, nevertheless there is a finish—an indefinable quality of perfection—in the performance that at the end brings the multitude to its feet in a spontaneous burst of applause; such an outburst as might have greeted a great piece of oratory or acting.

A telegrapher's Morse, then, is as distinctive as his face, his tones, or his handwriting; and as difficult to counterfeit as his voice or writing. Of this individual quality of telegraphese, the old war telegraphers tell many stories. A Confederate, for example, encounters on the march a line of wire which he suspects is being used by the enemy. He taps the wire, "cuts in" his instruments, and listens. His surmise is correct; he "grounds off" one or the other end, and, trying to disguise his style of "sending," makes inquiries calculated to develop important information. But the Southern accent is recognized in his Morse by the distant manipulator, who, indeed, may have been a co-worker in the days "before the war." So the intruder gets only a good-humored chaffing. "The trick won't work, Jim," says the

Federal operator. "Let's shake for old times' sake, and then you 'git' out of this."

In the wire-world a telegrapher is known by his "sign"—it may be the letter X or Q or &. Now there is certainly nothing in a mere letter to warm up to, or the reverse; and yet, after a day or two of this wire acquaintance with a man whom one has never seen, and whose name one does not know—a conversation, mind you, not of your own, but of exchanging other persons' telegrams—one gets an idea of the other's personality as distinct as if there had been personal intercourse; one feels friendly toward him, or dislikes him. And one's own feeling toward him is probably shared by every one who has had this wire contact with him. X or Q or & may thus stand for a distinct personality in the telegraph world, in the same sense that the name Thackeray or Longfellow stands for an individuality in the literary world.

Expressed in print a laugh is a bald "ha ha!" that requires other words to describe its quality. In wire-talk the same form is used, but the manner of rendering it imparts quality to the laughter. In dot-and-dash converse, as in speech, "ha! ha! ha!" may give an impression of mirthlessness, of mild amusement, or of convulsion. The double "i," again, in wire parlance, has a wide range of meaning according to its rendition. A few double "i's" are used as a prelude to a conversation, as well as to break the abruptness in ending it. They are also made to express doubt or acquiescence; and in any hesitation for a word or phrase are used to preserve the continuity of a divided sentence. When an order is given in Morse over the wire, the operator's acknowledgment is a ringing "i—i!" which has the same significance as a sailor's "aye, aye, sir!"

The man would be but a poor observer of little things who, after "working a wire" with a stranger at "the other end" for a week, could not give a correct idea of his distant vis-a-vis' disposition and character. And it would be quite possible for an imaginative operator to build up a fairly accurate mental image of him—whether he ate with his knife, or wore his hat cocked on the side of his head, or talked loud in public places.

Some years ago, in a Southern office, I was assigned to

a "circuit" which had its terminus at the national capital. My fellow operator at the other end of the wire used the letters "C G" for his wire-signature. C G's Morse was so clear, even, and rhythmic, his dots and dashes so perfectly timed and accurately spaced, that I immediately conceived a cordial liking for him. In a short time this liking, to which he heartily responded, ripened into a strong and sincere attachment. My friend's distinct though delicate wire-touch made working with him exceedingly restful. Indeed, every day for months I "received" from him without perceptible fatigue, or the necessity of "breaking." Almost from the beginning of our acquaintanceship I fancied that I should know him at sight if I chanced to meet him. I pictured him a tall, frail man, with the refined and patient manner of one who has suffered much, his features delicately molded, his eyes of the kind that kindle quickly when lighted by a smile, and his mouth ready to apply the torch whenever his sense of humor prompted. I fancied that I should know his dress—the old-fashioned collar; the small white tie; the thin, rather long, black sack coat.

Some months after our first meeting by wire I was called to Washington, and while there I visited the big operating room of the main office, in order to greet the many friends of other days. As I made my way about I kept a sharp lookout for my old wire friend. I did not ask to have him pointed out, because I wished to see if it were possible to identify him by my mental photograph. Presently I spied him, just as I had pictured him. I stood beside him for a moment; then, touching his shoulder, I held out my hand.

"How do you do, C G? I am very glad to see you and to have the pleasure of shaking your hand."

Though he was a much older man than I there was no lack of respect in my words, for it is not uncommon for one telegrapher to address another by his "sign."

C G rose with a quiet dignity, and taking my hand, looked down at me over his glasses, his eyes beaming.

"It's H, is it not? I am very glad to meet you, my son!" And then we fell to chatting, face to face, as we had so often done by wire.

I never met him again in the flesh. A few months after my Washington visit I missed him from my wire. In response to an inquiry I was told that my dear old friend had been seriously injured in a cablecar accident, and that, being alone in the world, he had been taken to a hospital for treatment. There he lingered for a while, at times half-conscious; then his gentle spirit went out.

I made another trip to Washington, to attend his funeral; afterward making a visit to the hospital to hear from the head nurse the story of his injury and death.

"Late in the evening," said the good woman as our interview was ending, "I was called into his room. He was rapidly failing, and was talking as if in a dream, two fingers of his right hand tapping the bed clothes as if he were sending a message. I did not understand the purport, but perhaps you will. 'You say you can't read me?' he would say; 'then let H come to the key. He can read and understand me. Let H come there, please.' Now and again his fingers would cease moving, as if he were waiting for the right person to answer. Then he would go on once more: 'Dear me, dear me, this will never do! I want to talk with H. I have an important message for him. Please tell him to hurry.' Then would follow another pause, during which he would murmur to himself regretfully. But at last he suddenly assumed the manner of one listening intently; then, his face breaking into a smile, he cried, his fingers keeping time with his words: 'Is that you, H? I'm so glad you've come! I have a message for you.' And so, his fingers tapping out an unspoken message, his kindly spirit took its flight."

The nurse's eyes were brimming, and I gulped vainly at a lump in my throat. After a moment's silence she continued:

"But there was one feature of Mr. G——'s dying talk that particularly impressed me. While he tapped out his messages he spoke in a tense half-whisper, like one trying to project his voice through space. Between times, however, in communing with himself, he spoke in his natural tones. But I noticed that he glided from one tone to the other, quite as a linguist would in conversing with two persons of different nationalities."

The head nurse in a hospital had stumbled upon a discovery which up to this time remains a sealed book to the linguistic student.

A woman's Morse is as feminine as her voice or her handwriting. I have often put to the test my ability to distinguish between the Morse of a man and that of a woman, and only once have I been deceived.

On this same Washington "circuit" I one day encountered a sender at the other end, a stranger, who for hours "roasted" me as I seldom had been in my telegraphic experience. The dots and dashes poured from the sounder in a bewildering torrent, and I had the hardest kind of work to keep up in copying. With all its fearful swiftness the Morse was clean-clipped and musical, though it had a harsh, staccato ring which indicated a lack of sentiment and feeling in the transmitter. From this, and from a certain dash and swagger, I gathered, before the day was out, a pretty distinct impression of the personality of the transmitter. I conceived him to be of a well-kept, aggressively clean appearance, with a shining red complexion and close-cropped hair; one, in brief, whose whole manner and make-up bespoke the self-satisfied sport. That he wore a diamond in his loudly striped shirt-front I considered extremely likely, and that he carried a toothpick between his lips was morally certain.

Next day I took occasion to make some inquiries of my fellow-operator at Washington.

"Oh, you mean T Y," he said, laughing. "Yes, for a girl, she is a fly sender."

It was mortifying to find that I had mistaken the sex of the sender, but I was consoled when I met the young woman. The high coloring was there, and the self-satisfied air; so also were the masculine tie, the man's vest, and the striped shirt-front. Nor were the diamond pin and the toothpick wanting. When she introduced herself by her sign, called me "Culley," and said I was "a crack-a-jack receiver," I was convinced that it was nature, and not I, that had made the mistake as to her sex.

How powerfully the imagination may be stimulated by a story told in dots and dashes is illustrated by an episode

of the Charleston earthquake. At the moment of the final shock every wire connecting Charleston with the outside world was instantly "lost." And as no other tidings could be had from the doomed city, it was as if in an instant it had been swept from the face of the earth. And for many hours Charleston remained literally dead to the world.

The next morning, before the average citizen had time to collect his wits, the telegraph people had started out gangs of linemen to get the wires in working order. Operators in the principal offices within a radius of several hundred miles were set to calling "C N." For a long time there was no response; but at last, on the wire which I had in charge, a slight answering signal was felt, rather than heard—faint and flickering, like the first sign of returning life. From that moment my watch was, if possible, more diligent. For an hour or more I called, "adjusted," and used every effort to revive the feeble pulse. I could fancy myself working desperately to resuscitate a half-drowned man. Again I felt the flickering signal, and then once more all signs of life faded away. Finally, as the wires were gradually cleared of *débris*, the current began to strengthen, and then came the answering "i—i! C N"—weak and unsteady, but still sufficiently plain to be made out. To me it sounded like a voice from the tomb, and I shouted aloud the tidings that Charleston was still in existence. Quickly the sounder was surrounded by a throng of excited telegraphers. The Morse was broken and unsteady at first. Then the current grew stronger—the patient was growing better—and for a long time we listened to the labored clicking, until at last the worst was known. And at the end of the recital a great sigh went out from the hearts of all of us, as if literally in our presence a long-buried city had been exhumed.

In the reporting of races or games by wire the Morse imparts a singular vitality to the description. The listening crowd hears the description repeated by mouth from the sounder, and they grow enthusiastic or depressed. But it is the showing of the teams that moves them; there is nothing in the sound of the words to stir them. Not so with the Morse reader, particularly if the distant reporter be clever

with his telegraphese. The short, sharp dots and dashes impart a most thrilling quality to his announcements—a quality that stirs the blood and makes the heart of the receiver thump with excitement. "They're off!" in print is cold and empty compared to its counterpart in Morse uttered at a critical moment. Some indescribable quality in the sound reflects the sender's interest and feeling as no man, not an elocutionist or an actor, would reflect them in voice or gesture.

Telegraphic anecdotes there are in plenty. The difficulty is so to set them before the reader as to give him an idea of their telegraphic flavor. Here is one with the flavor partly obscured.

To begin with, it is necessary to say that the letter E in Morse is a single dot, while an O is two dots slightly spaced. It should be plain, therefore, that an O imperfectly spaced, or misinterpreted in receiving, makes the same impression upon the ear as the double E. Upon this rests the point of the story. I was transmitting a message addressed to "Gen. Fitz Lee, Washington"; an old comrade of Lee's was sending him a congratulatory message. As I went ahead "To Gen. Fitz Lee, Washington," the receiver stopped me. "Is that to Gen. Fitz Lo?" he queried. "No," I answered impatiently, "it is to Gen. Fitz Lee." "Bk! bk!" (break! break!) said the receiver; "Gen. Fitz Lee or Gen. Fitz Lo—it's infernally stupid of your people to take in a message addressed to a Chinese laundryman in this town without giving a street number."

The fellow's evident earnestness and his naïvete, as evidenced in his Morse, made the ejaculation deliciously funny. The story reached the general, and I afterward heard him tell it at his own expense. But in the telling the telegraphic flavor was lost.

Like any other language, Morse has its *patois*—a corrupted version of the purer speech used by the inexperienced or by those to whom nature has denied the finer perceptions of timing and spacing. This *patois* might be called "hog-Morse." It would be quite impossible to give even a rude idea of the humor contained—for the expert—in some of the corruptions of which hog-Morse is guilty.

These consist largely in closely joining elements which ought to be spaced, or in separating others that are meant to be close-coupled.

In the *patois* of the wires "pot" means "hot," "foot" is rendered "fool," "U. S. Navy" is "us nasty," "home" is changed to "hog," and so on. If, for example, while receiving a telegram, a user of the *patois* should miss a word and say to you "6naz finme q," the expert would know that he meant "Please fill me in." But there is no difficulty about the interpretation of the *patois* provided the receiver be experienced and always on the alert. When, however, the mind wanders in receiving, there is always danger that the hand will record exactly what the ear dictates. On one occasion, at Christmas time, a hilarious citizen of Rome, New York, telegraphed a friend at a distance a message which reached its destination reading, "Cog hog to rog and wemm pave a bumy tig." It looked to the man addressed like Choctaw, and of course was not understood. Upon being repeated it reads, "Come home to Rome, and we'll have a bully time." Another case of confusion wrought by hog-Morse was that of the Richmond, Virginia, commission firm, who were requested by wire to quote the price on a carload of "undressed slaves." The member of the firm who received for the telegram being something of a wag, wired back: "No trade in naked niggers since Emancipation Proclamation." The original message had been transmitted by senders of hog-Morse, called technically "hams," and the receivers had absent-mindedly recorded the words as they had really sounded. What the inquirer wanted, of course, was a quotation on a carload of staves in the rough.

The mere sound of the styles of some transmitters is irresistibly comic. One of these natural humorists may be transmitting nothing more than a string of figures, and still make you chuckle at the grotesqueness of his Morse. It is an everyday thing to hear senders characterized as Miss Nancys, rattle-brains, swell-heads, or cranks, or "jays," simply because the sound of their dots and dashes suggests the epithets.

When a telegram is being read by sound, the receiver is

not conscious of the dots and dashes that make up the sentences. The impression upon the ear is similar to that produced by spoken words. Indeed, if an experienced telegrapher were asked suddenly what a certain letter is in dots and dashes, the chances are that he would hesitate before being able to answer. In view of this fact I should say that thinking in telephese is not possible, and in this point of comparison with a spoken tongue the Morse is deficient. Curiously enough, however, as an aid to memory in the spelling of words the telephese is useful. If a telegrapher should be in doubt as to the orthography of a word—whether it were spelt with an ie or ei, for example—he would only have to sound it on an instrument or click it out on his teeth to dispel at once any uncertainty.

Among the other interesting facts is that, in Morse, family resemblance is shown as often as in face and manner. Furthermore, just as two persons of kindred temperaments—man and wife, say—who have been long associated, are said gradually to grow into a physical resemblance to each other—so, in a like manner, two telegraphers who have worked a wire together for years insensibly mold their Morse each after the other's, until the resemblance between them is readily perceptible.

If anything else were needed to complete the parallel between the telephese and a recognized vehicle of expression, I might add that the users of the language of dots and dashes are animated by a spirit as clannish as that of the Highland Scots. Bring two strangers together; let each know that the other is acquainted with the wire tongue, and in five minutes' time the pair will be swapping telegraph yarns as if they had known each other for years. Country operators, when they get leave to come to town, are drawn irresistibly to the city telegraph office. However strange the city may be, in the central commercial office or the railroad dispatcher's den they are sure to find others who speak their language, and with whom they may fraternize and feel at home. Nor is this clannishness felt in personal intercourse alone; it applies to those who, in widely separated cities, are brought in daily touch by a wire used jointly by all. In idle intervals, on an Associated Press circuit, for

example—a wire touching at a dozen or more cities—distance is lost sight of, and all the features of personal intercourse are distinctly present. Stories are told, opinions exchanged, and laughs enjoyed, just as if the participants were sitting together at a club. They grow to know each other's habits, moods, and foibles, their likes and dislikes; and when there is a break in the circle through the death of a member, his absence is felt just as in personal association.



T H E P H I L L I P S C O D E

A THOROUGHLY TESTED METHOD OF SHORT HAND,
ARRANGED FOR TELEGRAPHIC PURPOSES, AND
CONTEMPLATING THE RAPID TRANS-
MISSION OF PRESS REPORTS;
ALSO INTENDED TO BE
USED AS AN

EASILY ACQUIRED METHOD

FOR

General Newspaper *and* Court Reporting

BY

W A L T E R P . P H I L L I P S

General Manager of the United Press from 1882 to 1897

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS
BY
WALTER P. PHILLIPS
1879

A few pages of the Phillips Code are given herewith. The books can be had of J. B. Taltavall, of The Telegraph Age, 253 Broadway, New York, U. S. A. The code, as given herewith, was printed in our previous edition issued in 1900 and is not now absolutely correct. For many years its revision has been constantly going on and some departures from the old text have been made during the last seventeen months. The books, however, as supplied by Mr. Taltavall, are always up to date. The insertion of a few pages of the code herewith is to show what it is like. It is in general use on all press wires throughout the United States and Canada and is used by many newspaper reporters in taking speeches in cases in which a liberal synopsis is wanted instead of a verbatim report. Very few men are reported verbatim in these busy days in any publication excepting the Congressional Record.

WALTER P. PHILLIPS

Bridgeport, Conn., March 1, 1902.



THE PHILLIPS CODE

INTRODUCTORY

The Morse alphabet, which is employed to represent the sounds used in steno-telegraphy, is composed entirely of linear characters formed of dots and dashes, and by combinations of the two. The letters e, o, r, y and z, and the symbol "&" are composed of dots and *spaces*. There are no spaces in any of the letters composed of dashes. The alphabet is as follows:

A - -	J - - - -	S - - -
B - - -	K - - -	T -
C - - -	L -	U - - -
D - - -	M - -	V - - - -
E -	N - -	W - - -
F - - -	O - -	X - - - -
G - - -	P - - - -	Y - - - -
H - - - -	Q - - - -	Z - - - -
I - -	R - - -	& - - - -

The figures are as follows:

1 - - - -	5 - - - -	9 - - - -
2 - - - - -	6 - - - - -	0 - - - -
3 - - - - -	7 - - - - -	
4 - - - - -	8 - - - - -	

The punctuation marks used as a part of this system are as follows:

Comma—Dot, dash, dot, dash.

Interrogation point—Dash, two dots, dash, dot.

Capital letter—Cx.

Shilling mark—Ut.

Pounds sterling—Px.

Exclamation point—Three dashes, dot.

Colon—Ko.

Dollar mark—Sx.

Colon dash—Kx.

Parenthesis—Pn stands for first and Py for the second parenthesis mark.

Pence—D.

Quotation marks—Qn stands for first and Qj for the second quotation mark.

Quotation marks within a quotation—Qx.

Brackets—Bx.

Dash—Dx.

Hyphen—Hx.

Semicolon—Si.

Period—Two dots, two dashes, two dots.

Paragraph mark—Four dashes.

Underline—Ux stands for first and Uj for the second underline signal.

Colon followed by a quotation—Kq.

Fractions are sent by inserting the letter *e* between the numerator and the denominator, thus: Three-sixteenths—3 e 16.

Owing to the fact that three ciphers when quickly transmitted bear a striking resemblance to a figure 5, it will always be better to use *tnd* for thousands and *myn* for million when thousands or millions are expressed after the first, second or third figures by ciphers exclusively, thus: 10,000—10 *tnd*; 248,000,000—248 *myns*.

Hnd may also be used to advantage sometimes to express hundreds, thus: 400—4 *hnd*; 500,000—5 *hnd tnd*; 300,000,000—3 *hnd myn*.

Decimals should be sent by inserting the word "dot," thus: 0.34—0 dot 34; 89.92—89 dot 92.

When an omission occurs in the copy and the fact is shown by the presence of asterisks, the letter *x* several times repeated will indicate that asterisks are to be inserted in the copy to be sent out, thus: And this has been one of the results. * * * * * * * * * * Who shall account for such corruption?—And this has been one of the results. x x x x x x Who shall, etc.

In sending poetry or one or more lines of verse a paragraph mark (————) should be used at the end of each line, thus:

The gentleman on the other side, as it seems to me, takes a superficial view of what has been developed, and manifests a disposition either to defend these obvious irregularities or content himself with what appears on the surface. Unless he corrects his methods, I fancy the poet's words,

Qn The primrose on the river's brim —————

A yellow primrose was to him —————

And it was nothing more Qj —————

will be peculiarly applicable to my credulous colleague in the near future, and he will discover that he has missed an opportunity to render a great service to the cause of common honesty.

Beginners, both senders and receivers, should commit all of the foregoing to memory before attempting to send the code.

Operators essaying to learn to send the accompanying system of codification will achieve that object with comparative ease by beginning, and continuing, methodically. They should first commit to memory the meaning conveyed by the single letters, as follows:

B—Be.	K—Out of the.	T—The.
C—See.	M—More.	U—You.
D—In the, or pence.	N—Not.	V—Of which.
F—Of the.	O—Of.	W—with.
G—From the.	P—Per.	X—in which.
H—Has.	Q—On the.	Y—Year.
J—By which.	R—Are.	Z—from which.

Also, a figure 4 for "where," a figure 5 for "that the," and a figure 7 for "that is." These figures are expressed, as will be seen further on, thus: Fr—four; fv—five; sv—seven. They should be so sent whenever they appear singly. Occurring in groups, they may be sent in the usual manner.

The next step for the beginner is to learn the meaning conveyed by the two-letter contractions, among the more important of which are the following:

Ac—And company.	Ec—Ecclesiastic.	Hp—Hope.
Ad—Adopted.	Ed—Editor.	Ht—Has the.
Ag—Agent.	Ef—Effect.	Hu—House.
Ao—At once.	Eh—Either.	Hv—Have.
Ap—Appropriate.	Ej—Eject.	Hx—Hyphen.
Aq—Acquaint.	El—Elect.	Ia—Iowa.
Ar—Answer.	Em—Embarrass.	Ic—in connection.
Au—Author.	En—Enthusiasm.	Id—Introduce.
Av—Average.	Ep—Epoch.	Ig—Indignant.
Bc—Because.	Eq—Equal.	Ih—It has.
Bd—Board.	Er—Error.	Ij—Injure.
Bf—Before.	Ev—Ever.	Il—Illustrate.
Bg—Being.	Ey—Every.	Im—Immediately.
Bh—Both.	Fa—Fail.	Io—in order.
Bk—Break.	Fb—Of the bill.	Ip—Improve.
Bl—Bill.	Fe—Fiscal.	Iq—Inquire.
Bn—Been.	Fd—Find.	Ir—Irregular.
Bt—But.	Fh—Forth.	Iv—in view.
Bv—Believe.	Fi—Fire.	Iw—It was.
Bw—Be with.	Fj—Found.	Ix—It is.
Bx—Bracket [].	Fk—Fluctuate.	Jd—Judicious.
Bz—Business.	Fl—Feel.	Jf—Justify.
Ca—Came.	Fo—For.	Jg—Judge.
Cb—Celebrate.	Fq—Frequent.	Jp—Japan.
Cd—Could.	Fs—First.	Ju—Jury.
Cf—Chief.	Ft—For the.	Kb—Contribute.
Cg—Seeing.	Fw—Follow.	Ke—Concentrate.
Cj—Coroner's jury.	Fx—Fort.	Kf—Confuse.
Ck—Check.	Ga—Gave.	Kg—King.
Cl—Call.	Gb—Great Britain.	Ki—Kill.
Co—County.	Ge—Grace.	Kl—Collect.
Cq—Correct.	Gd—Good.	Km—Communicate.
Cr—Care.	Gi—Gulf.	Kn—Know.
Cs—Case.	Gg—Going.	Kp—Keep.
Ct—Connect.	Gi—Gigantic.	Kr—Color.
Cu—Current.	Gj—Grand jury.	Ks—Conserve.
Cv—Cover.	Gk—Greek.	Kt—Contain.
Cx—Capital letter.	Gm—Gentlemen.	Ku—Continue.
Db—Debate.	Gn—Gone.	Kv—Convert.
Dd—Did.	Gq—Geology.	Kw—Know.
Df—Differ.	Gr—Ground.	La—Louisiana.
Dg—Doing.	Gt—Great.	Ld—London.
Dj—Direct.	Gx—Great excitement.	Lf—Life.
Dl—Deliver.	Gz—Gazette.	Lg—Long.
Dm—Demand.	Ha—He also.	Lk—Like.
Dp—Depart.	Hb—Has been.	Lm—Low middling.
Ds—Discuss.	Hc—Habeas corpus.	Lp—Liverpool.
Dt—Do not.	Hf—Half.	Lq—Liquor.
Du—Duty.	Hg—Having.	Lr—Lower.
Dv—Divide.	Hh—Has had.	Lt—Lieutenant.
Dx—Dash.	Hi—High.	Lv—Leave.
Dz—Does.	Hk—Hook.	Md—Made.
Ea—Each.	Ho—Hold.	Mf—Manufacture.

Mg—Manage.	Pt—Present.	Sv—Seven.
Mh—Much.	Pu—Public.	Sx—Dollar mark.
Mk—Make.	Pv—Privilege.	Tb—The bill.
Ml—Mail.	Pw—Power.	Td—Treasury Department.
Mo—Month.	Px—Pounds sterling.	Tf—The following.
Mu—Murder.	Qa—Qualify.	Tg—Thing.
Mw—Meanwhile.	Qc—Concur.	Th—Those.
Na—Name.	Qm—Quartermaster.	Ti—Time.
Nb—Not be.	Qp—On the part of.	Tj—The jury.
Nc—North Carolina.	Or—Quarter.	Tk—Take.
Ne—New England.	Qu—Quiet.	Tm—Them.
Nf—Notify.	Ra—Raise.	Tn—Then.
Ng—Negotiate.	Rb—Rob.	Tp—Transport.
Nh—New Hampshire.	Rc—Receive.	Tq—The question.
Ni—Night.	Rd—Read.	Tr—There.
Nj—New Jersey.	Rf—Refer.	Ts—This.
Nl—Natural.	Rg—Regular.	Tt—That.
Nm—Nominate.	Rh—Reach.	Tw—To-morrow.
No—No, and New Orleans, La.	Ri—Rhode Island.	Tx—This is.
Nr—Near.	Rj—Reject.	Ty—They.
Nt—North.	Rk—Recover.	Tz—These.
Nv—Never.	Rl—Real.	Ui—Unfortunate.
Nx—Next.	Rm—Remain.	Ug—Unguarded.
Ny—New York.	Rn—Reason.	Uk—Understand.
Ob—Obtain.	Rp—Report.	Ul—Usual.
Oc—O'clock.	Rq—Request.	Um—Unanimous.
Od—Order.	Rr—Railroad.	Un—Until.
Og—Organize.	Rs—Resolve.	Ur—Your.
Oh—Ohio.	Rt—Are the.	Us—United States.
Oj—Object.	Ru—Are you.	Va—Virginia.
Om—Omit.	Rv—Remove.	Vb—Valuable.
Op—Opportunity.	Rw—Are with.	Vc—Vindicate.
Oq—Occupy.	Rx—Recommend.	Vk—Victor.
Os—Oppose.	Ry—Railway.	Vm—Vehement.
Ow—On which.	Rz—Result.	Vo—Vote.
Oz—Ounce.	Sa—Senate.	Vp—Vituperate.
Pb—Probable.	Sb—Subsequent.	Vr—Virtue.
Pc—Per cent.	Sc—South Carolina.	Vu—View.
Pd—Paid.	Sd—Should.	Vx—Violate.
Pe—Principle.	Sf—Satisfy.	Vy—Very.
Pf—Prefer.	Sg—Signify.	Wa—Way.
Pg—Progress.	Sh—Such.	Wb—Will be.
Ph—Perhaps.	Sj—Subject.	Wc—Welcome.
Pj—Prejudice.	Sk—Success.	Wd—Would.
Pk—Particular.	Sl—Sail.	Wg—Wrong.
Pl—Political.	Sm—Some.	Wh—Which.
Pm—Postmaster.	Sn—Soon.	Wi—Will.
Po—Post-office.	Sp—Ship.	Wk—Week.
Pp—Postpone.	Sq—Separate.	Wl—Well.
Pq—Possess.	Sr—Secure.	Wm—William.
Pr—President.	Ss—Steamship.	Wn—When.
Ps—Pass.	St—Street.	Wo—Who.
	Su—Sure.	

Wp—Weep.	Xc—Excite.	Xr—Exercise.
Wq—Warrant.	Xd—Exceed.	Xs—Exist.
Wr—Were.	Xg—Legislate.	Xt—Extent.
Ws—Was.	Xh—Exhaust.	Ya—Yesterday.
Wt—What.	Xj—Explain.	Za—Sea.
Wu—Western Union.	Xk—Execute.	Zc—Section.
Wv—Waive.	Xl—Excel.	Zd—Said.
Ww—With which.	Xm—Extreme.	Zm—Seem.
Wx—Wait.	Xn—Constitution.	Zn—Seen.
Wy—Why.	Xo—Exonerate.	
Xb—Exorbitant.	Xp—Expense.	

Having familiarized himself with the foregoing, the operator will then find it to his advantage to apply himself to memorizing the remainder of the two-letter, and as many as possible of the three-letter, contractions. Among the latter, it will be observed, the principal words in daily use (and which are given in some cases in their briefest form in the two-letter contractions above) are traced in most of their numerous terminations. Thus, for example, we have ak for "acknowledge," akd for "acknowledged," akg for "acknowledging," etc. The principle illustrated by this word will be found to underlie the whole system, deviation from the rule only occurring when the peculiarities of the Morse alphabet will not permit of following the law, or where the addition of a, d, g or m would make a stem spell some word which would fit in, without disturbing the context, in the place where the word intended to be conveyed ought to go. Wherever the author has foreseen, or experience in working the system has shown, that a strict adherence to the rule would involve the receiver in perplexity he has departed therefrom, but in no other cases.

In the very beginning of their attempts to use the code, sending operators should first master the single letters and as many of the double and three-letter ones as possible, and then proceed to send, dropping out of the long words as many of the vowels as they can conveniently omit without getting confused and demoralized. Perfect confidence and ease will come with practice. In the meantime the operator should apply himself to learning the contractions under the various letters—a few at a time—using them as much as possible as he proceeds with his practice. A few weeks' experience will serve to make the whole plan of working very plain and clear, if a moderate amount of thought and attention is given to the foregoing hints and to memorizing a few of the contractions every day.

The sending operator should always say "bk" when, from any cause, he breaks down in the middle of a word, or interrupts himself. This signal is easily recognized, and is of the greatest possible assistance to the receiving operator.

Abb—Abbreviate.	Abh—Abolish.	Abm—Abominate.
Abhd—Abbreviated.	Abhd—Abolished.	Abmd—Abominated.
Abbg—Abbreviating.	Abhg—Abolishing.	Abmg—Abominating.
Abbn—Abbreviation.	Abhn—Abolition.	Abml—Abominable.
Abs—Absence.	Abi—Abide.	Abnn—Abomination.
Abd—Aboard.	Abj—Abject.	Abn—Abandon.
Abe—Owing to.	Abjy—Abjectly.	Abnd—Abandoned.
Abg—Abiding.	Abl—Able.	Abng—Abandoning.

Abnm—Abandonment.	Acrly—Accurately.	Adv—Advertise.
Abp—Abrupt.	Aestm—Accustom.	Advc—Advance.
Abpns—Abruptness.	Aestmd—Accustomed.	Advd—Advanced.
Abpy—Abruptly.	Actl—Actual.	Advcg—Advancing.
Abr—And brother.	Actly—Actually.	Advcm—Advancement.
Abs—Absent.	Actn—Action.	Advd—Advertised.
Absd—Absented.	Actu—Actuate.	Advg—Advertising.
Abse—Absentee.	Actud—Actuated.	Advm—Advertisement.
Absg—Absenting.	Actug—Actuating.	Af—After.
Abt—About.	Act—Accuse.	Afa—Affair.
Abty—Ability.	Acud—Accused.	Afc—Affect.
Abu—Abundant.	Acug—Accusing.	Afed—Affected.
Abue—Abundance.	Acup—Acted upon.	Afcg—Affecting.
Abuy—Abundantly.	Acur—Accuser.	Afcn—Affection.
Abv—Above.	Acv—Active.	Afcny—Affectionately.
Aby—Albany.	Acvly—Actively.	Afcs—Affects.
Ac—And Company.	Aevty—Activity.	Afd—Afford.
Aca—Academy.	Acy—Accuracy.	Afdd—Afforded.
Acal—Academical.	Ad—Adopted.	Afg—Affording.
Acan—Academician.	Ade—Advice.	Afj—Affidavit.
Acc—Account.	Adcs—Advices.	Ajis—Affidavits.
Aced—Accounted.	Adg—Advantage.	Afl—Afflict.
Aceg—Accounting.	Adgs—Advantages.	Afld—Afflicted.
Acct—Accountant.	Adgv—Advantageous.	Aflg—Afflicting.
Aed—Accord.	Adh—Adhere.	Afln—Affliction.
Aedd—Accorded.	Adhe—Adherence.	Afls—Afflicts.
Acg—According.	Adhid—Adhered.	Afm—Affirm.
Acgy—Accordingly.	Adhg—Adhering.	Afmd—Affirmed.
Ach—Achieve.	Adht—Adherent.	Afng—Affirming.
Achd—Achieved.	Adj—Adjourn.	Afn—Afternoon.
Achg—Achieving.	Adjd—Adjourned.	Afo—Aforesaid.
Achm—Achievement.	Adjg—Adjourning.	Afr—Affray.
Acm—Accumulate.	Adjm—Adjournment.	Afv—Affirmative.
Acmg—Accumulating.	Adl—Admiral.	Afw—Afterward.
Acn—Accumulation.	Adm—Administrat.	Afx—Affix.
Aco—Accommodate.	Admn—Administration.	Afxd—Affixed.
Acod—Accommodated.	Adn—Addition.	Afxg—Affixing.
Acog—Accommodating.	Adnl—Additional.	Ag—Agent.
Acon—Accommodation.	Adp—Adopt.	Aga—Against.
Acp—Accept.	Adpn—Adoption.	Age—Agriculture.
Acpc—Acceptance.	Adq—Adequate.	Agd—Agreed.
Acpd—Accepted.	Adqy—Adequately.	Agg—Aggregate.
Acpg—Accepting.	Adr—Administer.	Aggd—Aggregated.
Acp—Accomplish.	Adrd—Administered.	Aggg—Aggregating.
Acpdh—Accomplished.	Adrg—Administering.	Aggn—Aggregation.
Acpgh—Accomplishing.	Adrr—Administrator.	Agj—Agitate.
Acphm—Accomplish- ment.	Adrx—Administratrix.	Agid—Agitated.
Acq—Acquire.	Ads—Address.	Agig—Agitating.
Acqd—Acquired.	Adsd—Addressed.	Agin—Agitation.
Acqg—Acquiring.	Adsg—Addressing.	Agl—Agricultural.
Acqm—Acquirement.	Adt—Amendment.	Agst—Agriculturist.
Acr—Accurate.	Adts—Amendments.	Agm—Agreement.
	Adu—Adieu.	Agms—Agreements.

Agn—Again.	Alr—Already.	Anly—Annually.
Agr—Agree.	Alt—Alternate.	Anm—Animal.
Agrg—Agreeing.	Altd—Alternated.	Anms—Animals.
Ags—Agents.	Altg—Alternating.	Anr—Another.
Agt—Agreed to.	Alty—Alternately.	Ant—Anticipate.
Agu—Argue.	Alu—Allude.	Antl—Anticipated.
Agud—Argued.	Alud—Alluded.	Antg—Anticipating.
Agug—Arguing.	Alug—Alluding.	Antn—Anticipation.
Agum—Argument.	Alun—Allusion.	Anu—Anew.
Agv—Aggressive.	Alw—Always.	Anv—Anniversary.
Agy—Agency.	Ama—American.	Anx—Anxious.
Ahd—Ahead.	Amb—Ambition.	Anxty—Anxiety.
Ahr—Add House Regu- lar.	Ambs—Ambitions.	Anxy—Anxiously.
Aj—Adjust.	Amd—Amend.	Ao—At once.
Aja—Adjacent.	Amdd—Amended.	Ap—Appropriate.
Ajd—Adjusted.	Amdg—Amending.	Apa—Apart.
Ajg—Adjusting.	Amds—Amends.	Apam—Apartment.
Ajm—Adjustment.	Amdy—Amendatory.	Apams—Apartments.
Ajs—Adjusts.	Amg—Among.	Apc—On account of.
Ajt—Adjutant.	Amgst—Amongst.	Apd—Appropriated.
Ajts—Adjutants.	Ami—Amiable.	Apg—Appropriating.
Ak—Acknowledge.	Amily—Amicably.	Aph—Approach.
Akc—Access.	Amn—American.	Aphd—Approached.
Akey—Accessory.	Amns—Americans.	Aphg—Approaching.
Akd—Acknowledged.	Amp—Ample.	Aphs—Approaches.
Akg—Acknowledging.	Ampy—Amply.	Api—Apiece.
Akm—Acknowledgment	Amr—Ameer.	Apl—Appeal.
Aks—Acknowledges.	Amt—Amount.	Apld—Appealed.
Akt—Accident.	Amtd—Amounted.	Aplg—Appealing.
Aktl—Accidental.	Amtg—Amounting.	Apls—Appeals.
Aktly—Accidently.	Amts—Amounts.	Aplt—Appellant.
Akts—Accidents.	Amu—Amuse.	Apm—Appointment.
Al—All.	Amud—Amused.	Apms—Appointments.
Ala—Alabama.	Amug—Amusing.	Apn—Appropriation.
Alc—Alcohol.	Amum—Amusement.	Apns—Appropriations.
Ald—Aldermen.	Amx—Ambitious.	App—Appoint.
Alg—Along.	Amxy—Abitiously.	Appd—Appointed.
Ali—Ally.	Amz—Amaze.	Appg—Appointing.
Alid—Allied.	Amzd—Amazed.	Apr—Appear.
Alis—Allies.	Amzg—Amazing.	Aprc—Appearance.
Alj—Allege.	Amzm—Amazement.	Aprd—Appeared.
Aljd—Alleged.	Amzy—Amazingly.	Apрг—Appearing.
Aljg—Alleging.	Anc—Announce.	April—April.
Aljn—Allegation.	Aned—Announced.	Aps—Appropriates.
Aljnc—Allegiance.	Aneg—Announcing.	Apv—Approve.
Alk—Alike.	Anem—Announcement.	Apvd—Approved.
Alm—Alarm.	Anes—Announces.	Apvg—Approving.
Almd—Alarmed.	Ang—Antagonist.	Apvl—Approval.
Almg—Alarming.	Angm—Antagonism.	Apx—Approximate.
Aln—Altercation.	angs—Antagonists.	Apnd—Approximated.
Alnc—Alliance.	Angz—Antagonize.	Apng—Approximating.
Alns—Altercations.	Angzd—Antagonized.	Apnx—Approximation.
	Anl—Annual.	Apxs—Approximates.

Apxy—Approximately.	Asmg—Assembling.	Auhy—Authentically.
Apy—Appropriately.	Asn—Association.	Aun—Autumn.
Aq—Acquaint.	Aso—Also.	Aun—Austrian.
Aqc—Acquaintance.	Asp—Aspect.	Aup—Auspices.
Aqd—Acquainted.	Asr—Add Senate Regu-	Aupx—Auspicious.
Aqg—Acquainting .	lar.	Aur—Austria.
Aqn—Acquisition.	Ast—Associate.	Aut—Adjourned until
Aqs—Acquaints.	Asts—Associates.	to-morrow.
Aqt—Acute.	Asu—Assume.	Aux—Auxiliary.
Aqty—Acutely.	Asud—Assumed.	Auy—Authority.
Aqu—Acquiesce.	Asug—Assuming.	Auys—Authorities.
Aque—Acquiescence.	Asumm—Assumption.	Auz—Authorize.
Aqnd—Acquiesced.	Asus—Assumes.	Auzd—Authorized.
Aqug—Acquiescing.	Asy—Assembly.	Auzg—Authorizing.
Ar—Answer.	Atb—Attribute.	Auzn—Authorization.
Ara—Arrange.	Atbd—Attributed.	Auzs—Authorizes.
Arad—Arranged.	Atbg—Attributing.	Av—Average.
Arag—Arranging.	Atc—Attendance.	Avb—Avoidable.
Aram—Arrangement.	Atd—Attend.	Avd—Averaged.
Arb—Arbitrate.	Atds—Attends.	Ave—Avenue.
Arbd—Arbitrated.	Atg—Attending.	Avg—Averaging.
Arbm—Arbitrament.	Atk—Attack.	Avl—Avail.
Arbr—Arbitrator.	Atkd—Attacked.	Avld—Availed.
Arby—Arbitrarily.	Atkg—Attacking.	Avlg—Availing.
Ard—Answered.	Atks—Attacks.	Avls—Avails.
Arg—Answering.	Atl—Atlantic.	Avn—Aversion.
Arn—Arbitration.	Atm—Attempt.	Avo—Avoid.
Aro—Arose.	Atmd—Attempted.	Avod—Avoided.
Arr—Arrest.	Atmg—Attempting.	Avog—Avoiding.
Arrd—Arrested.	Atms—Attempts.	Avos—Avoids.
Arrg—Arresting.	Atn—Attention.	Avr—Aver.
Ars—Answers.	Atns—Attentions.	Avrd—Averred.
Arv—Arrive.	Attr—Attract.	Avrg—Averring.
Arvd—Arrived.	Atrd—Attracted.	Avrs—Avers.
Argv—Arriving.	Atrg—Attracting.	Avs—Averages.
Arvl—Arrival.	Atrn—Attraction.	Avt—Avert.
Ary—Arbitrary.	Atrs—Attracts.	Avtd—Averted.
Arz—Arizona.	Atv—Attractive.	Avtg—Averting.
Asb—Absorb.	Aty—Attorney.	Avts—Averts.
Asbd—Absorbed.	Au—Author.	Avy—Avoidably.
Asbg—Absorbing.	Aub—Auburn.	Aw—At which.
Asc—Ascertain.	Auc—Auction.	Awa—Away.
Ascd—Ascertained.	Auenr—Auctioneer.	Awd—Award.
Asd—Associated.	Aucs—Auctions.	Awdd—Awarded.
Asf—As follows.	Aud—Audience.	Awdg—Awarding.
Asg—Ascertaining.	Auds—Audiences.	Awds—Awards.
Asi—Assist.	Aug—August.	Awf—Awful.
Asic—Assistance.	Auh—Authentic.	Awfy—Awfully.
Asid—Assisted.	Auhcy—Authenticity.	Awi—Awhile.
Asig—Assisting.	Auhd—Authenticated.	Ax—Ask.
Asl—Asleep.	Auhg—Authenticating.	Axd—Asked.
Asm—Assemble.	Auhn—Authentication.	Axg—Asking.
Asmd—Assembled.	Auhs—Authenticates.	Axn—Annexation.

Ay—Any.
Ayb—Anybody.
Ayg—Anything.

Ayh—Anyhow.
Aym—Any more.
Ayo—Ony other.

Ay4—Anywhere.

Note.—It will be seen from the foregoing list of contractions, which carry out many words in their various terminations, how the stems in the words which now follow may be safely concluded in cases where they are not given in all of their variations.

Before turning his attention to the remainder of this work I cannot too strongly impress upon the operator the desirability of thoroughly mastering the single and double letter, and as many of the three-letter contractions as possible. This much accomplished, he will easily double his usual rate of speed. *Particular care should be taken to space properly between words*, especially when, as will sometimes happen, the matter in hand runs along for a line or two almost entirely in single and double letters.

The following exercise is written out more fully than is necessary, in order that beginners may be able to read it readily and catch the spirit of the scheme without undergoing the annoyance of having to hunt through the books for the definition of arbitrary contractions.

T Ann sprit as ix cld, h a cintent fo ti's halowg inflns. Indeed, it sems to bt tt ti cann halow, bt can ony distroy. N mnys ago Lafayette Ple ws i f most imposg patrien qrs o N Y. T clmrs o Bway ca to it ony in a dremy murmr. Its length ws n gt, bt it hd a lordly brewdth. Win easiest ake f most busy purlus, its quietud ws provrbl. So infq wr vchcls alg its pavmt tt in sumr t gras wd ofn crop ot tr lk fringy scrolwrk nr t wl swept sidwlk & elnly gutrs. At 1 end 4 ts staly ave is crosd bi a naroe st ro an imens chh, in rigid clasel stile, w t pnted roof o an ancet templ & imen gra flttd pilars frmg its portico.

Ts chh is stil stndg, bt nr it lums a mnstrus bri blg tt i glc can tel us is a trd rate bdg hu 4 peo w chrs as dingy as t windo panes mq, ph, gan facile admnsn. T bdg hu ws one a fin pvt mansn & hb enlrgd into its pt dreary bignes. Tn, at ts sthn end, stud un a vy shrt ti ago t gray old grandeur of St. Bartholomew's 4, fo nrly hf a century, t blung brids o ou qn bst fams qn wr marid & thr ftrs & mothrs la in funl sta as t ys rld on. At t nthn end ws one a spacus dwlg hu, wos oaken hal, w its rehly mediæval carvgs & brlnt windo o stained glas, mite wl hv srvd fo smi antiq abbey over-sea. Bt ts dlfl old hu h dsaprd & a vast bri structr wh is i o th towrg altars tt we so ofn bld to cmrc h sprung up in its stead. Tr ws also a ern edific closly aja to ts, wh hd a ux porte cochere nj d rl Parisin stile, & Splid a dlfl tuch o fgn novlty. Bt tt, too, h dsprd si lk t hu w t charming cloistr hal, its vy quaintns ws its ruin. If ou blgs can n alw hav t adg o rpsntg trad, ty r at leas dilignt in thr dvon to ugliness. Bt Lafa Ple is smhw Lafa Ple stil. Its trnsmtn into chp lodgmnts is gradl, tho su. T sieg goes stedly on, bt t besgd hv n yet sucmbd. Ey y t hnsm cariags tt rol up & down its aves gro fuer & fuer, si ey y its pavmts worn bi t fet o ded & gon Nikrbokrs r in fqd bi shaby Germns or slatrnlly Italns. Bt t solid solemnity f Astor Libry stil dws schlrs & bukworms win its precincts, tho t dgnity o posesg t Columbia Law Schl, into wh slim, brite faed elegians wd once trup o a mng h nw deprtd foev. A fu abods, hvr, r stil to b fj hr, w burnshd dor plates & t glimpses o rchiner tapstris tt pint twd wlthfl prosperity.

[From "A Hopeless Case," by Edgar Fawcett.]



THE PHILLIPS CODE.

SOME REMARKABLE PERFORMANCES BY CON-
SPICUOUSLY CLEVER MEN—QUICK WORK IN
THE UNITED STATES SENATE AND AT THE
NATIONAL CONVENTIONS—ALL THE
SUPREME COURT JUDGES DO NOT
WRITE ENGLISH—GEORGE KEN-
NAN, THE SIBERIAN TRAV-
ELER, IN AN ALMOST
FORGOTTEN ROLE.

I read, with great interest, a communication from Mr. D. Kimball, of Chicago, in the New York Sun, not long ago, regarding abbreviations. I am the author of a system of this kind, and since it is held that such a system can have no practical value in general newspaper reporting, I wish to combat that idea if you will permit me. Mr. Kimball says:

* * * * * "Much less can a system of abbreviations, such as reporters use, however cleverly devised, ever come into general use for the ordinary purposes of writing, for the reason that perfect legibility of every word independent of every other word is an essential characteristic of such a system of improved writing."

The spokesman of the Arkansas Editorial Association, according to Texas Siftings, observed on arriving in Austin with his band of journalistic brethren, several years ago, that they "had traveled far and wandered wide." My own experience has been similar, and I am always finding that things are being done in many fields of human endeavor of which, up to a certain time, I had no knowledge, and the Phillips Code, published in 1879, and which has been in constant use since then on telegraph wires, and as an aid in general reporting by the telegraph operators who have gone into newspaper work, seems to constitute a system of successful abbreviations of which Mr. Kimball has not yet heard.

Out of the many thousands of telegraph operators employed by the Western Union and Postal-Telegraph cable companies scarcely any of even ordinary capacity can be found who does not employ the Phillips Code in the transmission of press despatches, while it is used by some experts in handling messages both social and commercial. This has been going on for twenty-three years, and a knowledge of the code is considered so great a desideratum as a part of the telegraphic education that even the tyros take it up at a very early stage of their tutelage. It is related that a youngster who had barely mastered the Morse alphabet, in transmitting a report of a fire from Red Bank, N. J., a year or two ago, said Dbf, then halted, and finally cenvulsed the New York receiving operator by asking, "Are you on to the Phillips Code?" Learning that the receiver was, the young man proceeded with renewed confidence to struggle through his task, using more code than the usual sender employs, and winding up with Cbi as a final flourish. Dbf means destroyed by fire and Cbi means covered by insurance.

Regarding the use of the Phillips Code in cases in which a verbatim report is not essential, I may say that one of the best newspaper reports of an event that was ever furnished to its clients by the Associated Press was that of the Star route cases, in Washington, nearly twenty years ago. That trial was reported by Mr. E. M. Hood, a very young operator, who had, however, made a special study of the code. Mr. Hood, who has long stood in the front rank of newspaper writers at the capital, used the Phillips Code exclusively in reporting this trial, extended over many weeks, and the excellence of his work was so marked that within a few weeks Mr. Edward D. Easton, now the President of the Columbia Phonograph Company, who made the verbatim report of the Star route trial for the government, spoke of Mr. Hood's performance in words of unstinted praise.

For several years the decisions handed down by the judges of the United States Supreme Court were condensed and done into English by Mr. George Kennan, who has since won renown by his writings and lectures on the Russian

system of relegating to Siberia, by administrative process, such persons as are regarded as being dangerous to the safety of the nation. These decisions were in the handwriting of their authors, and not all of the judges had cultivated the Spencerian system of penmanship, while some were at war with Webster on questions of orthography, and a few others, if they had ever heard of Quackenboss, had a contempt, as supreme as the bench from which they rendered their decisions, for any ideas he may have tried to inculcate as to rhetoric and composition. Mr. Kennan was not permitted to take these unique documents out of the Supreme Court chamber. So he studied over them and made notes of what they signified in their ultimate essence. These notes were made in the Phillips Code, and from them, every Monday evening while the court was holding sessions, Mr. Kennan wrote marvelously clear synopses of these decisions for the Associated Press. At one time and another he was complimented on his work by every judge on the Supreme Court bench—among them Chief Justice Waite and Mr. Justice Miller. Mr. Kennan is again in Washington, and is representing the Outlook. I will venture the opinion that if he has occasion to make notes he brings to his aid the code which stood him in such good stead when he was struggling with the written opinions of those venerable and honored gentlemen who have the last sad say on such disputed questions as float up to this highest of all legal tribunals, in America, from the lower courts scattered all over this broad land of freedom and of persistent litigation.

The late William T. Loper, during his term of service as Associated Press reporter of the United States Senate, furnished, in penciled code, at the rate of a thousand words per hour, a sketch of the Senate proceedings for afternoon papers. In addition to this he managed the basis for a separate story largely in Phillips Code, but using shorthand when he found occasion to take anything verbatim. The penciled code was transmitted to Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York by the regular operators, and when the afternoon papers went to press, thus enabling him to drop the sketch report, Mr. Loper developed from his Phil-

lips Code and shorthand notes what is termed the full report for morning papers. Of this he supplied seven plainly written manifold copies at the rate of 2,000 words per hour, and I never knew of a case in which he did not finish the end of the full report by seven p. m., unless the Senate sat beyond its usual hour—between four and five p. m. He often filed the last of the full report within fifteen minutes of the time when the Senate adjourned. Mr. Loper had able predecessors—none better—and his successors were men of recognized ability, but they never equaled him, for the reason that they confined themselves to shorthand and longhand notes. But for the Phillips Code Mr. Loper's achievements would have been impossible, for he would have had no time in which to write out his shorthand notes until the necessity for the sketch report had passed, and the operators could have done nothing with them in their original form. They read his penciled code report as readily and easily as they could have read matter that was written out in full and furnished in typewritten copy. Mr. Loper did the work of two men, and did it better than they could. By handling the whole thing, his sketch report and his full report agreed in every particular. When one man made the sketch and another the full report there were vexatious discrepancies to be reconciled which often delayed the delivery of the report to Associated Press clients until a late hour.

In 1883, when Mr. Loper and I transferred our services to the then newly organized United Press and went from Washington to New York, he began, and continued for several years previous to Mr. Beecher's death, to report the sermons of that eloquent and able man. He used the Phillips Code for his introductions—always exquisite pieces of writing in precise harmony with the style, tone, temper, and atmosphere of the particular sermons they preceded. This part of his report was handed to any operator who happened into the United Press office on Sunday, who transmitted from it, without its being written out, while Mr. Loper took a hasty luncheon. He was a star operator, as well as one of the best Pitman stenographers I ever knew. He had mastered shorthand in Wisconsin at the early age

of ten years. When the assisting operator had disposed of the introduction written in the penciled code, Mr. Loper took the wire and proceeded to send in Phillips Code, in its absolute purity, at a gait that made the "Beecher Circuit" shunned by all but those typewriting operators who were serenely confident that they could take anything that could be transmitted by human hand. The report was sent simultaneously to the Chicago Tribune, Cincinnati Enquirer, St. Louis Globe-Democrat, and Boston Globe, all of which were connected together every Sunday for the purpose of receiving Mr. Loper's report. Neither the introduction, in penciled code, or the sermon itself, which was in shorthand, was ever written out. It was desirable to have this sermon in hand for composition in the newspaper offices as early as possible, and, under Mr. Loper's plan of reporting, the last line of it was in Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis and Boston before Mr. Beecher had finished his dinner and got well among the dreams incident to an afternoon nap.

Mr. Loper used the Phillips Code with equal success in reporting the national conventions for afternoon papers in 1888 and 1892. The operators sent from his penciled code and part longhand manuscript, and in spite of the whirr of the blower operated beside us in connection with the pneumatic tubes connecting the extemporized telegraph offices with the platform and the reporter's tables, the noise and confusion incident to boys running hither and thither, there was never a word of question about the running report for afternoon papers furnished by Mr. Loper, ably aided and abetted by Mr. P. V. DeGraw, whose work on the 1884 conventions eclipsed all that had gone before. It was not uncommon for Mr. Loper to file the announcement that the convention had taken a recess or adjourned, and for the operator to send it within one minute of the time when the gavel fell. We have often had to stop and explain to inquirers in the convention hall, as we passed through to our hotel, that the convention had taken a recess or had adjourned until evening, the next morning, etc. The fact was known from Boston to San Francisco before the people in the hall realized what had happened. As an employer of stenogra-

phers since 1878, and among them were many who had national reputations, I have seen them at their best, and they were certainly splendid on many great occasions, such as the reporting of the Potter Investigating Committee proceedings in 1878 and in covering the national conventions for morning papers, all of which were reported for the United Press under my direction from 1884 to 1896, inclusive. But, for a certain class of work such as has been referred to, ends were secured by the use of the Phillips Code that could be achieved through no other instrumentality. The files of the afternoon newspapers of the convention years mentioned, wherever published, give ample evidence in their editorial columns that these reports were admirably written, correct, and quite photographic in character. They were made by Mr. Loper in 1888 and 1892, and were largely written and wholly transmitted in the Phillips Code. Mr. DeGraw was his coadjutor, and after Mr. Loper's death applied to the convention of 1896 the methods that had been so successful in 1884, 1888 and 1892.

The illustrations I have given dispose of the notion that abbreviations cannot be easily read by those who write them. The fact is that they can and have been read for more than twenty years, not only by those who wrote them, but by many others, as I have shown. And these are by no means isolated cases. The newspaper profession is more largely recruited from the telegraphic ranks than from any other one source. There are more than one hundred telegraph operators on the New York and Brooklyn newspapers alone—reporters, copy readers and editorial writers. The newspapers of the country are largely manned by them in many of their departments. They are not shorthand men—not one in a hundred—but they are all Phillips Code men, and when the occasions arise when something swifter than longhand is required they use the Phillips Code with which they familiarized themselves in the telegraph business. Some of the telegraphers do not stop at being reporters, copy readers, and editorial writers. They become proprietors. Mr. Frank Munsey is one of us; Mr. Edward Rosewater, of the Omaha Bee, is another; and Mr. S. H. Kauffmann, one of the principal owners of the Washington Star, is a third.

The latter has the honor of having taught General Eckert, President of the Western Union Telegraph Company, how to telegraph, and when the latter had qualified he succeeded Mr. Kauffmann as manager of the telegraph office at Wooster, Ohio. Even in those remote days there was a slim system of abbreviations used on the wires, and the Phillips Code is simply an expansion of those early contractions, such as "fm" for from, "t" for the, etc., etc. This system has been extended until you express "The Senate adjourned until to-morrow morning" thus: "T sa adjd un twm." The Supreme Court of the United States is designated by the word "Scotus," and so on *ad infinitum*. The Phillips Code is sent over the wire through an instantaneous mental transformation from the written words lying beneath the operator's eye. It is sent at double the rate of speed of ordinary transmissions, in full, and is mentally digested by the receiving operators and written out on the instant in full on typewriters as it comes over the wire at a careful but somewhat chirpy gait. Handled in this way, employed as it was by Messrs. Kennan, Loper, DeGraw and Hood, to say nothing of its general use by telegraph operators in every conceivable way after they have left the telegraph business, it seems to me that if Mr. Kimball had been an Arkansas journalist and had "traveled far and wandered wide," he would have a more comprehensive knowledge than he has now of a thing that has been running under a full head of steam since 1879, and the fundamental principles of which were laid fully fifty years ago. The appended is a specimen of the Phillips Code, a fairly good knowledge of which can be obtained in a month. "Ix" is the equivalent of "it is," and aside from that and a few arbitrary signs, such as "bv" for believe, a good deal of the specimen given below can be read by almost anybody whether he knows the code or not. The context, which is much more obvious to the reader than are the obscurer signs, even to experts, used by stenographers, carries the transcriber along as the strains of martial music lighten the heavy feet of a tired soldier and speed him on his march.

T Ann sprit as ix cld, h a entent fo ti's halowg inflnes.
Indeed, it seems to bv tt ti cann halow, bt can ony dstroy.

N mny ys ago Lafayette Plc ws i f most imposg patricn qrs o N Y. T elmrss o Bway ca to it ony in a dremy murmr. Its length ws n gt, bt it hd a lordly bredth. Win easiest akc f most busy purlus, its quietud ws provrbl. So infq wr vhels alg its pavmt tt in sumr t gras wd ofn crop ot tr lk fringy scrolwrk nr t wl swept sidwlk & clnly gutrs. At i end 4 ts staly ave is crosd bi a naroer st ro an imens chh, in rigid clascl stile, w t pnted roof o an anent tmpl & imens gra flutd pilars frmg its portico.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

WALTER P. PHILLIPS.

Bridgeport, Conn., March 1, 1902.

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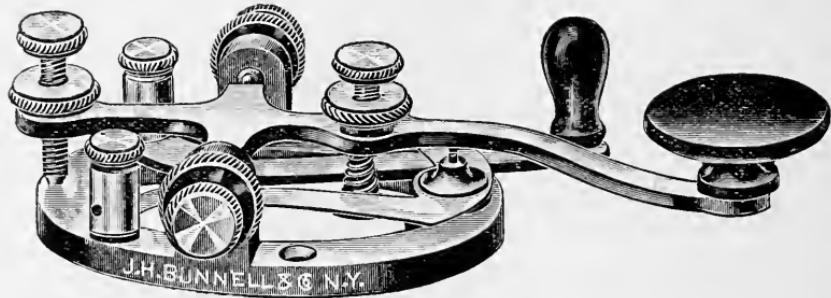
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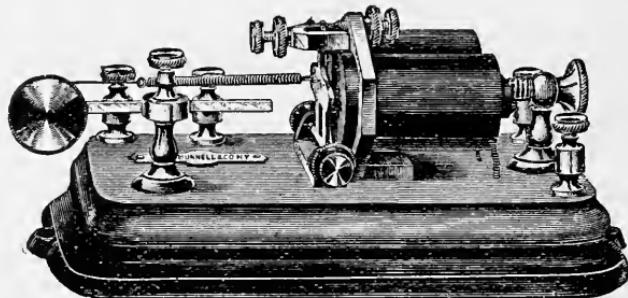
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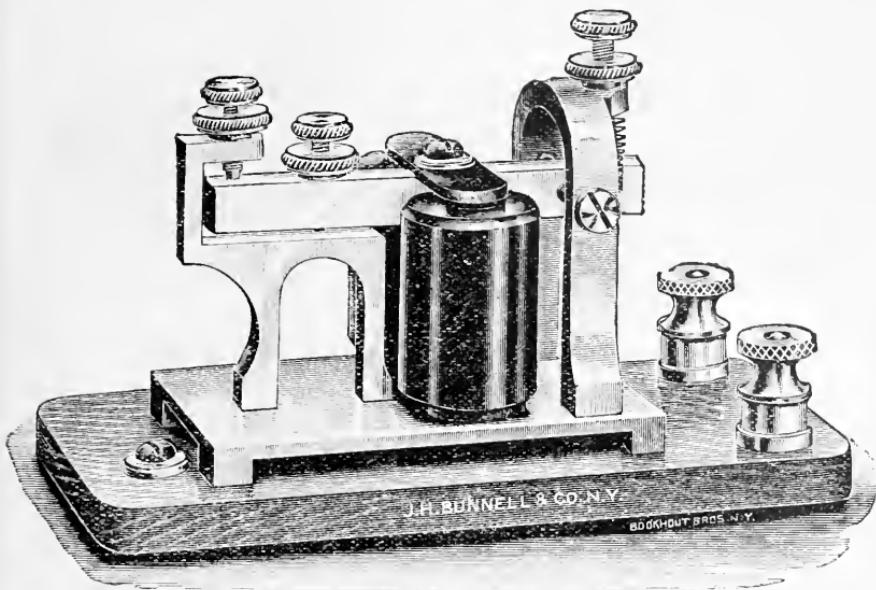
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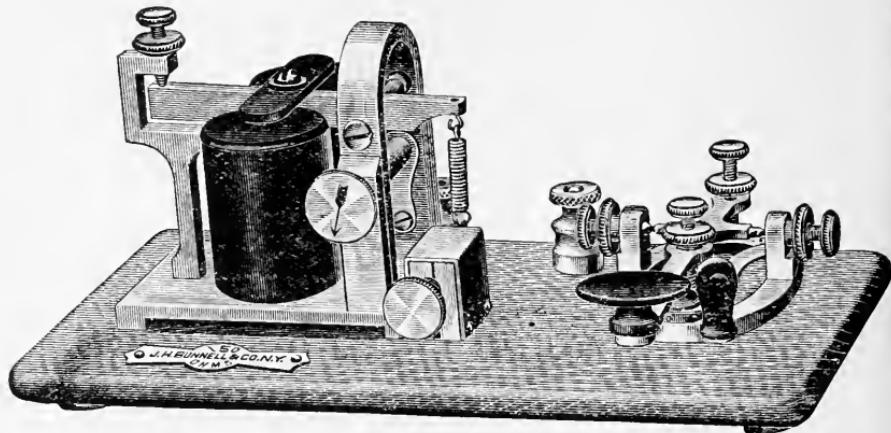
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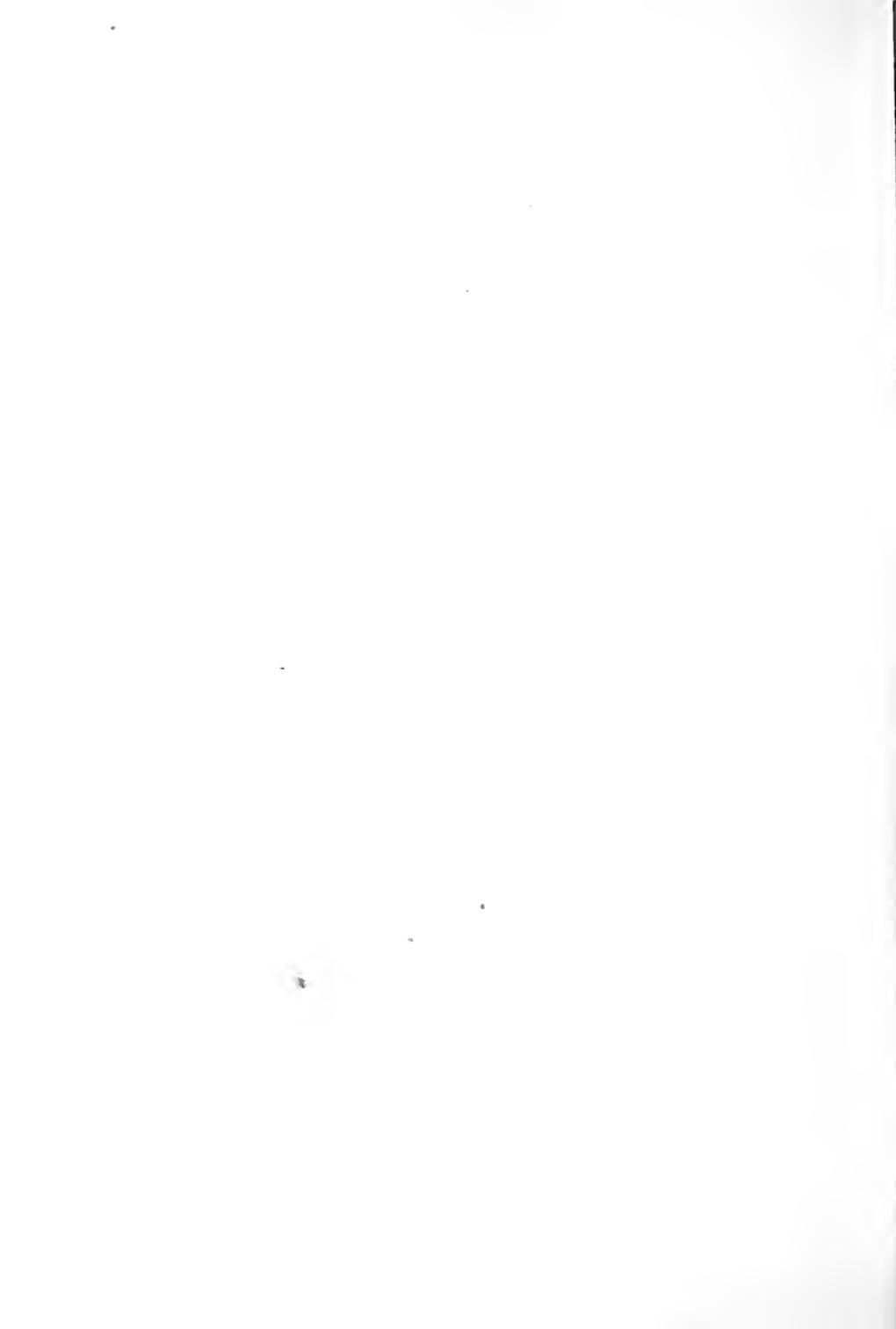
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